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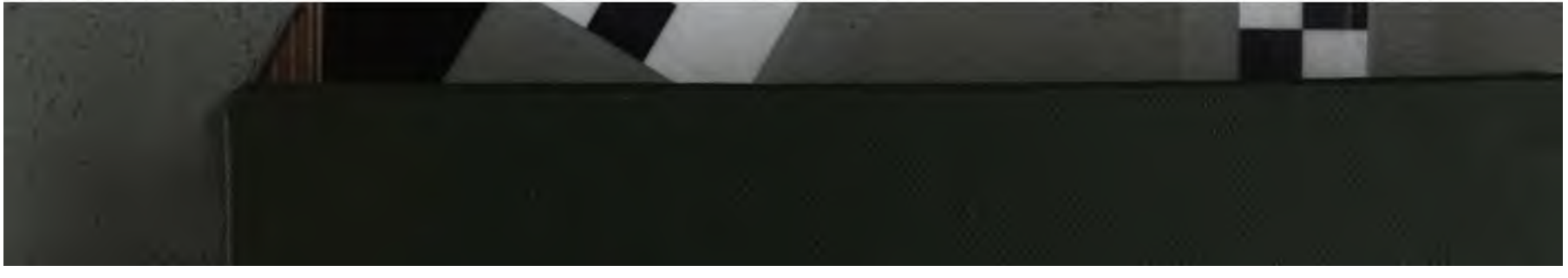

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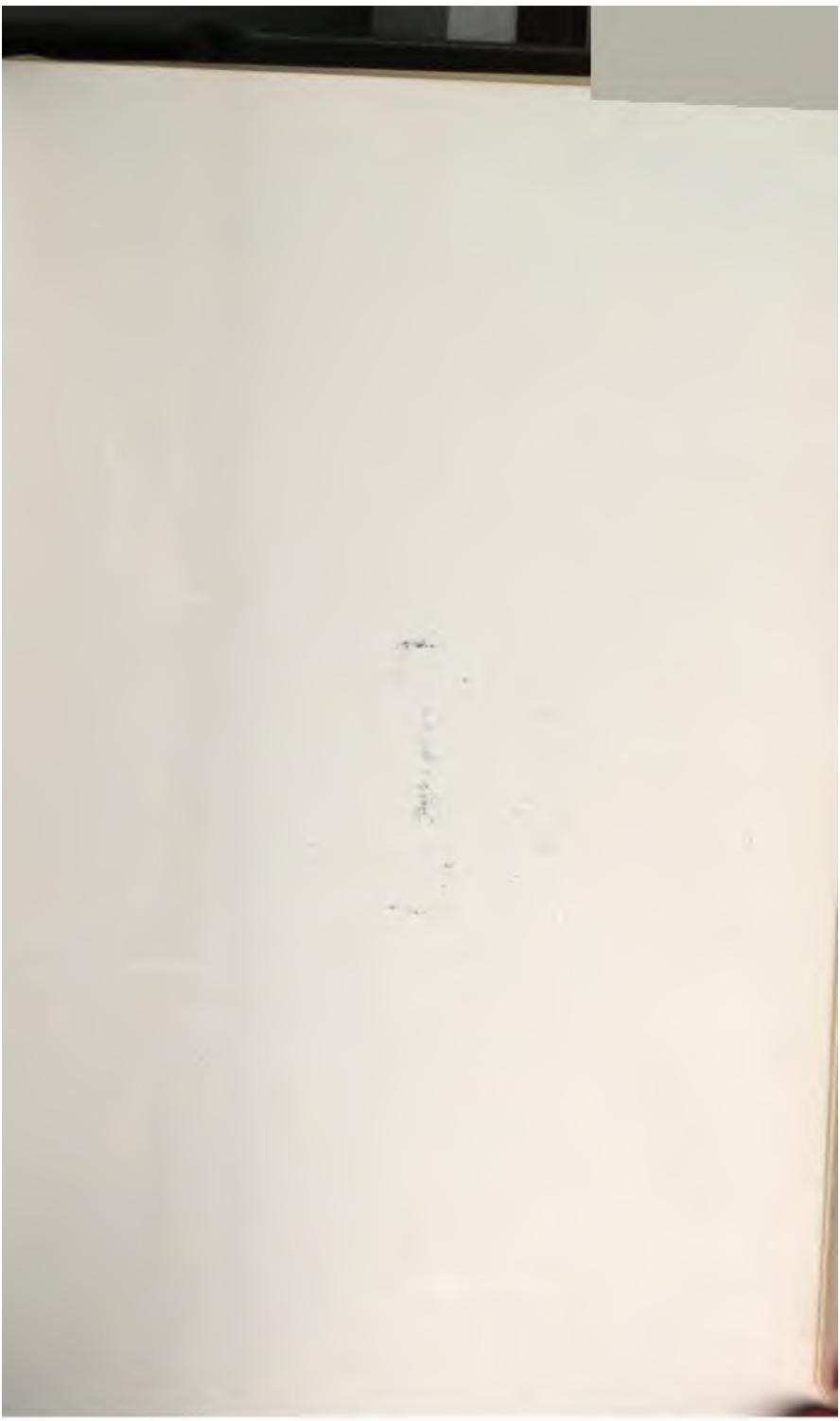

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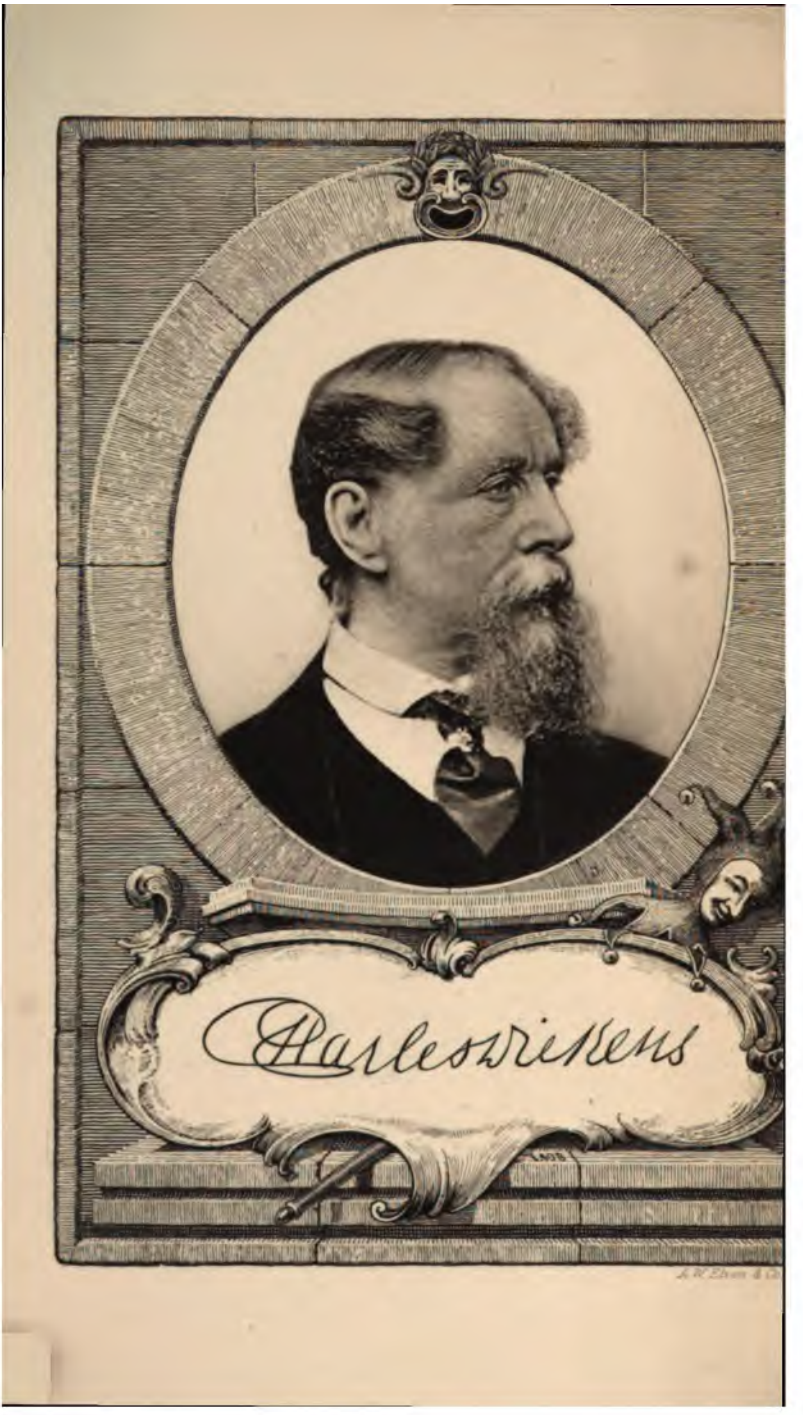
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The World's Wit and Humor

BRITISH

Volume IX

Dickens to Kipling

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British Wit and Humor

British Wit and Humor

Charles Dickens

Mr. Micawber's Pecuniary Difficulties

Mr. Micawber's difficulties were an addition to my distressed state of mind. In my forlorn state I became quite attached to the family, and used to walk about, busy with Mrs. Micawber's calculations of ways and means, and heavy with the weight of Mr. Micawber's debts. On a Saturday night, which was my grand treat—partly because it was a great thing to walk home with six or seven shillings in my pocket, looking into the shops, and thinking what such a sum would buy, and partly because I went home early—Mrs. Micawber would make the most heart-rending confidences to me; also on a Sunday morning, when I mixed the portion of tea or coffee I had bought overnight, in a little shaving-pot, and sat late at my breakfast. It was nothing at all unusual for Mr. Micawber to sob violently at the beginning of one of these Saturday-night conversations, and sing about Jack's delight being his lovely Nan, toward the end of it. I have known him to come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows to the house, "in case anything turned up," which was his favourite expression. And Mrs. Micawber was just the same.

A curious equality of friendship, originating, I suppose, in our respective circumstances, sprung up between me and these people, notwithstanding the ludicrous disparity in our years. But I never allowed myself to be prevailed upon to

accept any invitation to eat and drink with them out of their stock (knowing that they got on badly with the butcher and baker, and had often not too much for themselves), until Mrs. Micawber took me into her entire confidence. This she did one evening as follows:

"Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "I make no stranger of you, and therefore do not hesitate to say that Mr. Micawber's difficulties are coming to a crisis."

It made me very miserable to hear it, and I looked at Mrs. Micawber's red eyes with the utmost sympathy.

"With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family," said Mrs. Micawber, "there is really not a scrap of anything in the larder. I was accustomed to speak of the larder when I lived with papa and mamma, and I used the word almost unconsciously. What I mean to express is that there is nothing to eat in the house."

"Dear me!" I said, in great concern.

I had two or three shillings of my week's money in my pocket—from which I presume that it must have been on a Wednesday night when we held this conversation—and I hastily produced them, and with heartfelt emotion begged Mrs. Micawber to accept of them as a loan. But that lady, kissing me, and making me put them back into my pocket, replied that she couldn't think of it.

"No, my dear Master Copperfield," said she, "far be it from my thoughts! But you have a discretion beyond your years, and can render me another kind of service, if you will; and a service I will thankfully accept of."

I begged Mrs. Micawber to name it.

"I have parted with the plate myself," said Mrs. Micawber. "Six tea, two salt, and a pair of sugars I have at dif-

ferent times borrowed money on, in secret, with my own hands. But the twins are a great tie; and to me, with my recollections of papa and mamma, these transactions are very painful. There are still a few trifles that we could part with. Mr. Micawber's feelings would never allow *him* to dispose of them; and Clickett"—this was the girl from the workhouse—"being of a vulgar mind, would take painful liberties if so much confidence was reposed in her. Master Copperfield, if I might ask you——"

I understood Mrs. Micawber now, and begged her to make use of me to any extent. I began to dispose of the more portable articles of property that very evening, and went out on a similar expedition almost every morning, before I went to Murdstone & Grinby's.

Mr. Micawber had a few books on a little chiffonier, which he called the library; and those went first. I carried them, one after another, to a bookstall in the City Road—one part of which, near our house, was almost all bookstalls and bird-shops then—and sold them for whatever they would bring. The keeper of this little bookstall, who lived in a little house behind it, used to get tipsy every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning. More than once, when I went there early, I had audience of him in a turn-up bedstead, with a cut on his forehead, or a black eye, bearing witness to his excesses overnight (I am afraid he was quarrelsome in his drink), and he, with a shaking hand, endeavouring to find the needful shillings in one or other of the pockets of his clothes, which lay upon the floor, while his wife, with a baby in her arms, and her shoes down at heel, never left off rating him. Sometimes he had lost his money, and then he would ask me to call again; but his wife had always got some—had taken his, I dare say, while

he was drunk—and secretly completed the bargain on the stairs as we went down together.

At the pawnbroker's shop, too, I began to be very well known. The principal gentleman who officiated behind the counter took a good deal of notice of me; and often got me, I recollect, to decline a Latin noun or adjective, or to conjugate a Latin verb, in his ear, while he transacted my business. After all these occasions Mrs. Micawber made a little treat, which was generally a supper; and there was a peculiar relish in these meals which I well remember.

At last Mr. Micawber's difficulties came to a crisis, and he was arrested early one morning, and carried over to the King's Bench prison in the Borough. He told me, as he went out of the house, that the God of Day had now gone down upon him—and I really thought his heart was broken, and mine too. But I heard afterward that he was seen to play a lively game at skittles before noon.

On the first Sunday after he was taken there I was to go and see him, and have dinner with him. I was to ask my way to such a place, and just short of that place I should see such another place, and just short of that I should see a yard, which I was to cross, and keep straight on until I saw a turnkey. All this I did; and when at last I did see a turnkey (poor little fellow that I was!), and thought how, when Roderick Random was in a debtors' prison, there was a man there with nothing on him but an old rug, the turnkey swam before my dimmed eyes and my beating heart.

Mr. Micawber was waiting for me within the gate, and we went up to his room (top story but one), and cried very much. He solemnly conjured me, I remember, to take warning by his fate; and to observe that if a man had twenty

pounds a year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable. After which he borrowed a shilling of me for porter, gave me a written order on Mrs. Micawber for the amount, put away his pocket-handkerchief, and cheered up. . . .

Mr. Micawber's affairs, although past their crisis, were very much involved by reason of a certain "deed," of which I used to hear a good deal, and which I suppose, now, to have been some former composition with his creditors, though I was so far from being clear about it then, that I am conscious of having confounded it with those demoniacal parchments which are held to have, once upon a time, obtained to a great extent in Germany. At last this document appeared to be got out of the way somehow. At all events, it ceased to be the rock ahead it had been; and Mrs. Micawber informed me that "her family" had decided that Mr. Micawber should apply for his release under the Insolvent Debtors' Act, which would set him free, she expected, in about six weeks.

"And then," said Mr. Micawber, who was present, "I have no doubt I shall, please Heaven, begin to be beforehand with the world, and to live in a perfectly new manner, if—in short, if anything turns up."

By way of going in for anything that might be on the cards, I call to mind that Mr. Micawber, about this time, composed a petition to the House of Commons, praying for an alteration in the law of imprisonment for debt. . . .

I had begun to be a little uncomfortable, and to wish myself well out of the visit, when a figure coming down the street passed the door—it stood open to air the room, which was warm, the weather being close for the time of year—came

back again, looked in, and walked in, exclaiming loudly, "Copperfield! Is it possible?"

It was Mr. Micawber, with his eye-glass and his walking-stick and his shirt-collar and his genteel air and the condescending roll in his voice, all complete!

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, putting out his hand, "this is indeed a meeting which is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the instability and uncertainty of all human—in short, it is a most extraordinary meeting. Walking along the street, reflecting upon the probability of something turning up—of which I am at present rather sanguine—I find a young but valued friend turn up, who is connected with the most eventful period of my life, I may say with the turning-point of my existence. Copperfield, my dear fellow, how do you do?"

I cannot say—I really can*not* say—that I was glad to see Mr. Micawber there, but I was glad to see him, too, and shook hands with him heartily, inquiring how Mrs. Micawber was.

"Thank you," said Mr. Micawber, waving his hand as of old, and settling his chin in his shirt-collar. "She is tolerably convalescent. The twins no longer derive their sustenance from Nature's founts. In short," said Mr. Micawber, in one of his bursts of confidence, "they are weaned, and Mrs. Micawber is, at present, my travelling companion. She will be rejoiced, Copperfield, to renew her acquaintance with one who has proved himself in all respects a worthy minister at the sacred altar of friendship."

I said I should be delighted to see her.

"You are very good," said Mr. Micawber.

Mr. Micawber then smiled, settled his chin again, and looked about him.

"I have discovered my friend Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber genteelly, and without addressing himself particularly to any one, "not in solitude, but partaking of a social meal in company with a widow lady, and one who is apparently her offspring—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another of his bursts of confidence, "her son. I shall esteem it an honour to be presented."

I could do no less, under these circumstances, than make Mr. Micawber known to Uriah Heep and his mother, which I accordingly did. As they abased themselves before him, Mr. Micawber took a seat, and waved his hand in his most courtly manner.

"Any friend of my friend Copperfield's," said Mr. Micawber, "has a personal claim upon myself."

"We are too 'umble, sir," said Mrs. Heep, "my son and me, to be the friends of Master Copperfield. He has been so good as to take his tea with us, and we are thankful to him for his company; also to you, sir, for your notice."

"Ma'am," returned Mr. Micawber, with a bow, "you are very obliging. And what are you doing, Copperfield? Still in the wine trade?"

I was excessively anxious to get Mr. Micawber away; and replied, with my hat in my hand, and a very red face, I have no doubt, that I was a pupil at Dr. Strong's.

"A pupil?" said Mr. Micawber, raising his eyebrows. "I am extremely happy to hear it. Although a mind like my friend Copperfield's"—to Uriah and Mrs. Heep—"does not require that cultivation which, without his knowledge of men and things, it would require, still it is a rich soil teeming with latent vegetation—in short," said Mr. Micawber, smiling, in another burst of confidence, "it is an intellect capable of getting up the classics to any extent."

Uriah, with his long hands slowly twining over one another, made a ghastly writhe from the waist upward, to express his concurrence in this estimation of me.

"Shall we go and see Mrs. Micawber, sir?" I said, to get Mr. Micawber away.

"If you will do her that favour, Copperfield," replied Mr. Micawber, rising. "I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of our friends here, that I am a man who has for some years contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties." I knew he was certain to say something of this kind; he always would be so boastful about his difficulties. "Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of facers to them; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. Micawber, in the words of Cato, 'Plato, thou reasonest well. It's all up now. I can show fight no more.' But at no time of my life," said Mr. Micawber, "have I enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than in pouring my griefs—if I may describe difficulties, chiefly arising out of warrants of attorney and promissory notes at two and four months, by that word—into the bosom of my friend Copperfield."

Mr. Micawber closed this handsome tribute by saying, "Mr. Heep! Good-evening. Mrs. Heep! Your servant," and then walking out with me in the most fashionable manner, making a good deal of noise on the pavement with his shoes, and humming a tune as he went.

It was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up, and he occupied a little room in it, partitioned off from the commercial room, and strongly flavoured with tobacco smoke. I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm, greasy

smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I know it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses. Here, recumbent on a small sofa, underneath the picture of a race-horse, with her head close to the fire, and her feet pushing the mustard off the dumb-waiter at the other end of the room, was Mrs. Micawber, to whom Mr. Micawber entered first, saying, "My dear, allow me to introduce to you a pupil of Dr. Strong's."

I noticed, by-the-bye, that although Mr. Micawber was just as much confused as ever about my age and standing, he always remembered, as a genteel thing, that I was a pupil of Dr. Strong's.

Mrs. Micawber was amazed, but very glad to see me. I was very glad to see her, too, and, after an affectionate greeting on both sides, sat down on the small sofa near her.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "if you will mention to Copperfield what our present position is, which I have no doubt he will like to know, I will go and look at the paper the while, and see whether anything turns up among the advertisements."

"I thought you were at Plymouth, ma'am," I said to Mrs. Micawber, as she went out.

"My dear Master Copperfield," she replied, "we went to Plymouth."

"To be on the spot," I hinted.

"Just so," said Mrs. Micawber. "To be on the spot. But, the truth is, talent is not wanted in the Custom-House. The local influence of my family was quite unavailing to obtain any employment in that department for a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. They would rather *not* have a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. He would only show the

deficiency of the others. Apart from which," said Mrs. Micawber, "I will not disguise from you, my dear Master Copperfield, that when that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became aware that Mr. Micawber was accompanied by myself, and by little Wilkins and his sister, and by the twins, they did not receive him with that ardour which he might have expected, being so newly released from captivity. In fact," said Mrs. Micawber, lowering her voice—"this is between ourselves—our reception was cool."

"Dear me," I said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Micawber. "It is truly painful to contemplate mankind in such an aspect, Master Copperfield, but our reception was decidedly cool. There was no doubt about it. In fact, that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became quite personal to Mr. Micawber before he had been there a week."

I said, and thought, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

"Still, so it was," continued Mrs. Micawber. "Under such circumstances, what could a man of Mr. Micawber's spirit do? But one obvious course was left. To borrow of that branch of my family the money to return to London, and to return at any sacrifice."

"Then you all came back again, ma'am?" I said.

"We all came back again," replied Mrs. Micawber. "Since then I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take—for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber argumentatively. "It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air."

"Certainly, ma'am," said I.

"The opinion of those other members of my family," pursued Mrs. Micawber, "is, that Mr. Micawber should turn his attention to coals."

"To what, ma'am?"

"To coals," said Mrs. Micawber. "To the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway Coal Trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step to be taken clearly was to come and *see* the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say 'we,' Master Copperfield; for I never will," said Mrs. Micawber, with emotion, "I never will desert Mr. Micawber."

I murmured my admiration and approbation.

"We came," repeated Mrs. Micawber, "and saw the Medway. My opinion of the coal trade on that river is, that it may require talent, but that it certainly requires capital. Talent, Mr. Micawber has; capital, Mr. Micawber has not. We saw, I think, the greater part of the Medway; and that is my individual conclusion. Being so near here, Mr. Micawber was of opinion that it would be rash not to come on and see the cathedral. Firstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing and our never having seen it; secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town. We have been here," said Mrs. Micawber, "three days. Nothing has, as yet, turned up, and it may not surprise you, my dear Master Copperfield, so much as it would a stranger, to know that we are at present waiting for a remittance from London, to discharge our pecuniary obligations at the hotel. Until the arrival of that remittance," said Mrs. Micawber, with much feeling, "I am cut off from my home—I allude to lodgings in Pentonville—from my boy and girl, and from my twins."

I felt the utmost sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Micawber in this anxious extremity, and said as much to Mr. Micawber, who now returned, adding that I only wished I had money enough to lend them the amount they needed. Mr. Micawber's answer expressed the disturbance of his mind. He said, shaking hands with me, "Copperfield, you are a true friend! But when the worst comes to the worst, no man is without a friend who is possessed of shaving materials." At this dreadful hint Mrs. Micawber threw her arms around Mr. Micawber's neck and entreated him to be calm. He wept, but so far recovered, almost immediately, as to ring the bell for the waiter, and bespeak a hot kidney pudding and a plate of shrimps for breakfast in the morning.

—"*David Copperfield.*"

"*My First Dissipation*"

It occurred to me that I really ought to have a little housewarming, and that there never could be a better opportunity. I had a new pride in my rooms after Steerforth's approval of them, and burned with a desire to develop their utmost resources. I therefore made him promise positively in the names of his two friends, and we appointed six o'clock as the dinner-hour.

When he was gone I rang for Mrs. Crupp, and acquainted her of my desperate design. Mrs. Crupp said, in the first place, of course it was well known she couldn't be expected to wait, but she knew a handy young man who, she thought, could be prevailed upon to do it, and whose terms would be five shillings and what I pleased. I said,

certainly we would have him. Next, Mrs. Crupp said it was clear that she couldn't be in two places at once (which I felt to be reasonable), and that "a young gal" stationed in the pantry with a bedroom candle, there never to desist from washing plates, would be indispensable. I said, what would be the expense of this young female, and Mrs. Crupp said she supposed eighteen pence would neither make me nor break me. I said I supposed not; and *that* was settled. Then Mrs. Crupp said, "Now about the dinner."

It was a remarkable instance of want of forethought on the part of the ironmonger who had made Mrs. Crupp's kitchen fireplace, that it was capable of cooking nothing but chops and mashed potatoes. As to a fish kettle, Mrs. Crupp said, Well—would I only come and look at the range? She couldn't say fairer than that. Would I come and look at it? As I should not have been much the wiser if I *had* looked at it, I declined and said, "Never mind fish." But Mrs. Crupp said, Don't say that; oysters was in, and why not them? So *that* was settled. Mrs. Crupp then said what she would recommend would be this: A pair of hot roast fowls—from the pastry-cook's; a dish of stewed beef, with vegetables—from the pastry-cook's; two little corner things, as a raised pie and a dish of kidneys—from the pastry-cook's; a tart, and (if I liked) a shape of jelly—from the pastry-cook's. This, Mrs. Crupp said, would leave her at liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she could wish to see it done.

I acted on Mrs. Crupp's opinion, and gave the order at the pastry-cook's myself. Walking along the Strand afterward, and observing a hard mottled substance in the window of a ham and beef shop, which resembled marble, but was labelled "Mock Turtle," I went in and bought a slab of it,

which I have since seen reason to believe would have sufficed for fifteen people. This preparation, Mrs. Crupp, after some difficulty, consented to warm up; and it shrunk so much in a liquid state that we found it what Steerforth called "rather a tight fit" for four.

These preparations happily completed, I bought a little dessert in Covent Garden Market, and gave a rather extensive order at a retail wine-merchant's in that vicinity. When I came home in the afternoon, and saw the bottles drawn up in a square on the pantry floor, they looked so numerous (though there were two missing, which made Mrs. Crupp very uncomfortable), that I was absolutely frightened at them.

One of Steerforth's friends was named Grainger, and the other Markham. They were both very gay and lively fellows; Grainger, something older than Steerforth; Markham, youthful-looking, and I should say not more than twenty. I observed that the latter always spoke of himself indefinitely as "a man," and seldom or never in the first person singular.

"A man might get on very well here, Mr. Copperfield," said Markham—meaning himself.

"It's not a bad situation," said I, "and the rooms are really commodious."

"I hope you have both brought appetites with you!" said Steerforth.

"Upon my honour," returned Markham, "town seems to sharpen a man's appetite. A man is hungry all day long. A man is perpetually eating."

Being a little embarrassed at first, and feeling much too young to preside, I made Steerforth take the head of the table when dinner was announced, and seated myself oppo-

site to him. Everything was very good; we did not spare the wine; and he exerted himself so brilliantly to make the thing pass off well, that there was no pause in our festivity. I was not quite such good company during dinner as I could have wished to be, for my chair was opposite the door, and my attention was distracted by observing that the handy young man went out of the room very often, and that his shadow always presented itself, immediately afterward, on the wall of the entry, with a bottle at its mouth. The "young gal" likewise occasioned me some uneasiness; not so much by neglecting to wash the plates, as by breaking them. For being of an inquisitive disposition, and unable to confine herself (as her positive instructions were) to the pantry, she was constantly peering in at us, and constantly imagining herself detected; in which belief she several times retired upon the plates (with which she had carefully paved the floor), and did a great deal of destruction.

These, however, were small drawbacks, and easily forgotten when the cloth was cleared, and the dessert put on the table; at which period of the entertainment the handy young man was discovered to be speechless. Giving him private directions to seek the society of Mrs. Crupp, and to remove the "young gal" to the basement also, I abandoned myself to enjoyment.

I began by being singularly cheerful and light-hearted; all sorts of half-forgotten things to talk about came rushing into my mind, and made me hold forth in a most unwonted manner. I laughed heartily at my own jokes, and everybody else's; called Steerforth to order for not passing the wine; made several engagements to go to Oxford; announced that I meant to have a dinner-party exactly like that, once a week until further notice; and madly took so much snuff out of

Grainger's box, that I was obliged to go into the pantry and have a private fit of sneezing ten minutes long.

I went on, by passing the wine faster and faster yet, and continually starting up with a cork-screw to open more wine, long before any was needed. I proposed Steerforth's health. I said he was my dearest friend, the protector of my boyhood, and the companion of my prime. I said I was delighted to propose his health. I said I owed him more obligations than I could ever repay, and held him in a higher admiration than I could ever express. I finished by saying, "I'll give you Steerforth! God bless him! Hurrah!" We gave him three times three, and another, and a good one to finish with. I broke my glass in going round the table to shake hands with him, and I said (in two words), "Steerforth, you're the guiding star of my existence."

I went on, by finding suddenly that somebody was in the middle of a song. Markham was the singer, and he sang, "When the heart of a man is depressed with care." He said, when he had sung it, he would give us "Woman!" I took objection to that, and I couldn't allow it. I said it was not a respectful way of proposing the toast, and I would never permit that toast to be drunk in my house otherwise than as "The Ladies!" I was very high with him, mainly, I think, because I saw Steerforth and Grainger laughing at me—or at him—or at both of us. He said a man was not to be dictated to. I said a man was. He said a man was not to be insulted, then. I said he was right there—never under my roof, where the Lares were sacred, and the laws of hospitality paramount. He said it was no derogation from a man's dignity to confess that I was a devilish good fellow. I instantly proposed his health.

Somebody was smoking. We were all smoking. I was

smoking, and trying to suppress a rising tendency to shudder. Steerforth had made a speech about me, in the course of which I had been affected almost to tears. I returned thanks, and hoped the present company would dine with me to-morrow, and the day after—each day at five o'clock, that we might enjoy the pleasures of conversation and society through a long evening. I felt called upon to propose an individual. I would give them my aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, the best of her sex!

Somebody was leaning out of my bedroom window, refreshing his forehead against the cool stone of the parapet, and feeling the air upon his face. It was myself. I was addressing myself as "Copperfield," and saying, "Why did you try to smoke? You might have known you couldn't do it." Now, somebody was unsteadily contemplating his features in the looking-glass. That was I too. I was very pale in the looking-glass; my eyes had a vacant appearance, and my hair—only my hair, nothing else—looked drunk.

Somebody said to me, "Let us go to the theatre, Copperfield!" There was no bedroom before me, but again the jingling table covered with glasses; the lamp; Grainger on my right hand, Markham on my left, and Steerforth opposite—all sitting in a mist, and a long way off! The theatre! To be sure. The very thing. Come along! But they must excuse me if I saw everybody out first, and turned the light off—in case of fire.

Owing to some confusion in the dark, the door was gone. I was feeling for it in the window-curtains, when Steerforth, laughing, took me by the arm and led me out. We went down-stairs, one behind another. Near the bottom somebody fell, and rolled down. Somebody else said it was Copperfield. I was angry at the false report, until, finding

myself on my back in the passage, I began to think there might be some foundation for it.

A very foggy night, with great rings round the lamps in the streets! There was an indistinct talk of its being wet. I considered it frosty. Steerforth dusted me under a lamp-post, and put my hat into shape, which somebody produced from somewhere in a most extraordinary manner, for I hadn't had it on before. Steerforth then said, "You are all right, Copperfield, are you not?" and I told him, "Never-berrer."

A man, sitting in a pigeon-hole place, looked out of the fog, and took money from somebody, inquiring if I was one of the gentlemen paid for, and appearing rather doubtful (as I remember in the glimpse I had of him) whether to take the money for me or not. Shortly afterward, we were very high up in a very hot theatre, looking down into a large pit, that seemed to me to smoke; the people with whom it was crammed were so indistinct. There was a great stage, too, looking very clean and smooth after the streets; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other, but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies down in the boxes, and I don't know what more. The whole building looked to me as if it were learning to swim; it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner when I tried to steady it.

On somebody's motion, we resolved to go down-stairs to the dress-boxes, where the ladies were. A gentleman lounging, full-dressed, on a sofa, with an opera-glass in his hand, passed before my view, and also my own figure at full length in a glass. Then I was being ushered into one of these boxes, and found myself saying something as I sat down, and people

about me crying "Silence!" to somebody, and ladies casting indignant glances at me, and—what! yes!—Agnes, sitting on the seat before me, in the same box, with a lady and gentleman beside her whom I didn't know. I see her face now better than I did then, I dare say, with its indelible look of regret and wonder turned upon me.

"Agnes!" I said thickly. "Lorblessmer! Agnes!"

"Hush! Pray!" she answered, I could not conceive why. "You disturb the company. Look at the stage!"

I tried, on her injunction, to fix it, and to hear something of what was going on there, but quite in vain. I looked at her again by-and-by, and saw her shrink into her corner, and put her gloved hand to her forehead.

"Agnes!" I said, "I'mafraidyou'renorwell."

"Yes, yes. Do not mind me," she returned. "Listen! Are you going away soon?"

"Amigoarawaysoo?" I repeated.

"Yes."

I had a stupid intention of replying that I was going to wait, to hand her down-stairs. I suppose I expressed it somehow; for, after she had looked at me attentively for a little while, she appeared to understand, and replied in a low tone:

"I know you will do as I ask you, if I tell you I am very earnest in it. Go away now, for my sake, and ask your friends to take you home."

She had so far improved me, for the time, that though I was angry with her I felt ashamed, and with a short "Goori!" (which I intended for "Good-night!") got up and went away. They followed, and I stepped at once out of the box-door into my bedroom, where only Steerforth was with me, helping me to undress, and where I was by turns

telling him that Agnes was my sister, and adjuring him to bring the cork-screw, that I might open another bottle of wine.

How, somebody, lying in my bed, lay saying and doing all this over again, at cross-purposes, in a feverish dream all night—the bed a rocking sea that was never still! How, as that somebody slowly settled down into myself, did I begin to parch, and feel as if my outer covering of skin were a hard board; my tongue the bottom of an empty kettle, furred with long service, and burning up over a slow fire; the palms of my hands hot plates of metal which no ice could cool!—*"David Copperfield."*

Hamlet

On our arrival in Denmark we found the king and queen of that country elevated in two arm-chairs on a kitchen table, holding a court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance, consisting of a noble boy in the wash-leather boots of a gigantic ancestor, a venerable peer with a dirty face, who seemed to have risen from the people late in life, and the Danish chivalry with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs, and presenting, on the whole, a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood gloomily apart, with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable.

Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late king of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb, and to have

brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghostly manuscript round its truncheon, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. It was this, I conceive, which led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to "turn over" a recommendation which it took extremely ill. It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received derisively. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically brazen, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her, her chin being attached to her diadem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as "the kettle-drum." The noble boy in the ancestral boots was inconsistent, representing himself, as it were in one breath, as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a grave-digger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a court fencing match, on the authority of whose practised eye and nice discrimination the finest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders, and declining to perform the funeral service—to the general indignation taking the form of nuts. Lastly, *Ohpelia* was a prey to such slow musical madness, that when, in course of time, she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and buried it, a sulky man, who had been long cooling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled, "Now the baby's put to bed,

let's have supper!" Which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping.

Upon my unfortunate townsman all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example: on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared "Yes!" and some "No!" and some, inclining to both opinions, said, "Toss up for it," and quite a debating society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for "Rule, Britannia." When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't *you* do it, neither; you're a deal worse than *him!*" And I grieve to add that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions.

But his greatest trials were in the churchyard, which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side, and a turnpike-gate on the other. Mr. Wopsle, in a comprehensive black cloak, being descried entering at the turnpike the grave-digger was admonished in a friendly way, "Look out! Here's the undertaker a-coming to see how you're a-getting on with

your work!" I believe it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have returned the skull, after moralising over it, without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast. But even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment, "Wai-ter!" The arrival of the body for interment (in an empty black box with the lid tumbling open) was the signal for a general joy, which was much enhanced by the discovery, among the bearers, of an individual obnoxious to identification. The joy attended Mr. Wopsle through his struggle with *Laertes* on the brink of the orchestra and the grave, and slackened no more until he had tumbled the king off the kitchen table, and had died by inches from the ankles upward.—*"Great Expectations."*

The Fine Old English Gentleman

I'LL sing you a new ballad, and I'll warrant it first-rate,
Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old estate,
When they spent the public money at a bountiful old rate
On every mistress, pimp, and scamp, at every noble gate,
In the fine old English Tory times—
Soon may they come again!

The good old laws were garnish'd well with gibbets, whips, and chains,
With fine old English penalties, and fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times—
Soon may they come again!

This brave old code, like Argus, had a hundred watchful eyes,
And every English peasant had his good old English spies,
To tempt his starving discontent with fine old English lies,
Then call the good old Yeomanry to stop his peevish cries,
In the fine old English Tory times—
Soon may they come again!

The good old times for cutting throats that cried out in their need,
The good old times for hunting men who held their fathers' creed,
The good old times when William Pitt, as all good men agreed,
Came down direct from Paradise at more than railroad speed.
Oh, the fine old English Tory times,
When will they come again?

In those rare days the Press was seldom known to snarl or bark,
But sweetly sang of men in power, like any tuneful lark;
Grave judges, too, to all their evil deeds were in the dark;
And not a man in twenty score knew how to make his mark.
Oh, the fine old English Tory times—
Soon may they come again!

Those were the days for taxes, and for war's infernal din;
For scarcity of bread, that fine old dowagers might win;
For shutting men of letters up, through iron bars to grin,
Because they didn't think the Prince was altogether thin,
In the fine old English Tory times—
Soon may they come again!

—*Contributed to the "Examiner."*

Charles Dickens

Pecksniff at the Boarding-House

THE usual Sunday dinner-hour at Todgers's was two o'clock—a suitable time, it was considered, for all parties; convenient to Mrs. Todgers, on account of the baker's; and convenient to the gentlemen, with reference to their afternoon engagements. But on the Sunday which was to introduce the two Misses Pecksniff to a full knowledge of Todgers's and its society, the dinner was postponed until five, in order that everything might be as genteel as the occasion demanded.

When the hour drew nigh, Bailey junior, testifying great excitement, appeared in a complete suit of cast-off clothes several sizes too large for him, and, in particular, mounted a clean shirt of such extraordinary magnitude that one of the gentlemen (remarkable for his ready wit) called him "Collars" on the spot. At about a quarter before five a deputation, consisting of Mr. Jinkins and another gentleman whose name was Gander, knocked at the door of Mrs. Todgers's room, and, being formally introduced to the two Misses Pecksniff by their parent, who was in waiting, besought the honour of conducting them up-stairs.

The drawing-room at Todgers's was out of the common style; so much so, indeed, that you would hardly have taken it to be a drawing-room, unless you were told so by somebody who was in the secret. It was floor-clothed all over; and the ceiling, including a great beam in the middle, was papered. Besides the three little windows, with seats in them, commanding the opposite archway, there was another window looking point-blank, without any compromise at all

about it, into Jinkins's bedroom. And high up, all along one side of the wall, was a strip of panes of glass, two deep, giving light to the staircase. There were the oddest closets possible, with little casements in them like eight-day clocks, lurking in the wainscot, and taking the shape of the stairs; and the very door itself (which was painted black) had two great glass eyes in its forehead, with an inquisitive green pupil in the middle of each.

Here the gentlemen were all assembled. There was a general cry of "Hear, hear!" and "Bravo, Jink!" when Mr. Jinkins appeared with Charity on his arm, which became quite rapturous as Mr. Gander followed, escorting Mercy, and Mr. Pecksniff brought up the rear with Mrs. Todgers.

Then the presentations took place. They included a gentleman of a sporting turn, who propounded questions on jockey subjects to the editors of Sunday papers, which were regarded by his friends as rather stiff things to answer; and they included a gentleman of a theatrical turn, who had once entertained serious thoughts of "coming out," but had been kept in by the wickedness of human nature; and they included a gentleman of a debating turn, who was strong at speech-making; and a gentleman of a literary turn, who wrote squibs upon the rest, and knew the weak side of everybody's character but his own. There was a gentleman of a vocal turn, and a gentleman of a smoking turn, and a gentleman of a convivial turn; some of the gentlemen had a turn for whist, and a large proportion of the gentlemen had a strong turn for billiards and betting. They had all, it may be presumed, a turn for business, being all commercially employed in one way or other, and had, every one in his own way, a decided turn for pleasure to boot. Mr.

Jinkins was of a fashionable turn, being a regular frequenter of the parks on Sundays, and knowing a great many carriages by sight. He spoke mysteriously, too, of splendid women, and was suspected of having once committed himself with a countess. Mr. Gander was of a witty turn, being indeed the gentleman who had originated the sally about collars, which sparkling pleasantry was now retailed from mouth to mouth, under the title of "Gander's Last," and was received in all parts of the room with great applause. Mr. Jinkins, it may be added, was much the oldest of the party, being a fish salesman's book-keeper, aged forty. He was the oldest boarder also, and, in right of his double seniority, took the lead in the house, as Mrs. Todgers had already said.

There was considerable delay in the production of dinner, and poor Mrs. Todgers, being reproached in confidence by Jinkins, slipped in and out at least twenty times to see about it, always coming back as though she had no such thing upon her mind, and hadn't been out at all. But there was no hitch in the conversation, nevertheless; for one gentleman, who travelled in the perfumery line, exhibited an interesting knick-knack, in the way of a remarkable cake of shaving soap, which he had lately met with in Germany; and the gentleman of a literary turn repeated (by desire) some sarcastic stanzas he had recently produced on the freezing of the tank at the back of the house. These amusements, with the miscellaneous conversation arising out of them, passed the time splendidly, until dinner was announced by Bailey junior in these terms:

"The wittles is up!"

On which notice they immediately descended to the banquet-hall; some of the more facetious spirits in the rear

taking down gentlemen as if they were ladies, in imitation of the fortunate possessors of the two Misses Pecksniff.

Mr. Pecksniff said grace—a short and pious grace, invoking a blessing on the appetites of those present, and committing all persons who had nothing to eat to the care of Providence, whose business (so said the grace, in effect) it clearly was to look after them. This done, they fell to with less ceremony than appetite, the table groaning beneath the weight, not only of the delicacies whereof the Misses Pecksniff had been previously forewarned, but of boiled beef, roast veal, bacon, pies, and abundance of such heavy vegetables as are favourably known to housekeepers for their satisfying qualities. Besides which, there were bottles of stout, bottles of wine, bottles of ale, and divers other strong drinks, native and foreign.

All this was highly agreeable to the two Misses Pecksniff, who were in immense request, sitting one on either hand of Mr. Jinkins at the bottom of the table, and who were called upon to take wine with some new admirer every minute. They had hardly ever felt so pleasant and so full of conversation, in their lives. Mercy, in particular, was uncommonly brilliant, and said so many good things in the way of lively repartee that she was looked upon as a prodigy. "In short," as that young lady observed, "they felt now, indeed, that they were in London, and for the first time too."

Their young friend Bailey sympathised in these feelings to the fullest extent, and, abating nothing of his patronage, gave them every encouragement in his power, favouring them, when the general attention was diverted from his proceedings, with many nods and winks and other tokens of recognition, and occasionally touching his nose with a cork-

screw, as if to express the bacchanalian character of the meeting. In truth, perhaps, even the spirit of the two Misses Pecksniff, and the hungry watchfulness of Mrs. Todgers, were less worthy of note than the proceedings of this remarkable boy, whom nothing disconcerted or put out of his way. If any piece of crockery—a dish or otherwise—chanced to slip through his hands (which happened once or twice), he let it go with perfect good-breeding, and never added to the painful emotions of the company by exhibiting the least regret. Nor did he, by hurrying to and fro, disturb the repose of the assembly, as many well-trained servants do; on the contrary, feeling the hopelessness of waiting upon so large a party, he left the gentlemen to help themselves to what they wanted, and seldom stirred from behind Mr. Jinkins's chair, where, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs planted pretty wide apart, he led the laughter, and enjoyed the conversation.

The dessert was splendid. No waiting either. The pudding-plates had been washed in a little tub outside the door while cheese was on, and though they were moist and warm with friction, still there they were again—up to the mark, and true to time. Quarts of almonds; dozens of oranges; pounds of raisins; stack of biffins; soup-plates full of nuts. Oh, Todgers's could do it when it chose! Mind that.

Then more wine came on, red wines and white wines, and a large china bowl of punch, brewed by the gentleman of a convivial turn, who adjured the Misses Pecksniff not to be despondent on account of its dimensions, as there were materials in the house for the concoction of half a dozen more of the same size. Good gracious, how they laughed! How they coughed when they sipped it, because it was so strong; and how they laughed again when somebody vowed that but

for its colour it might have been mistaken, in regard of its innocuous qualities, for new milk! What a shout of "No!" burst from the gentlemen when they pathetically implored Mr. Jinkins to suffer them to qualify it with hot water; and how blushingly, by little and little, did each of them drink her whole glassful down to its very dregs!

Now comes the trying time. The sun, as Mr. Jinkins says (gentlemanly creature, Jinkins—never at a loss), is about to leave the firmament. "Miss Pecksniff!" said Mrs. Todgers softly, "will you—" "Oh, dear, no more, Mrs. Todgers!" Mrs. Todgers rises; the two Misses Pecksniff rise; all rise. Miss Mercy Pecksniff looks downward for her scarf. Where is it? Dear me, where *can* it be? Sweet girl, she has it on—not on her fair neck, but loose upon her flowing figure. A dozen hands assist her. She is all confusion. The youngest gentleman in company thirsts to murder Jinkins. She skips and joins her sister at the door. Her sister has her arm about the waist of Mrs. Todgers. She winds her arm around her sister. Diana, what a picture! The last things visible are a shape and a skip. "Gentlemen, let us drink to the ladies!"

The enthusiasm is tremendous. The gentleman of a debating turn rises in the midst, and suddenly lets loose a tide of eloquence which bears down everything before it. He is reminded of a toast—a toast to which they will respond. There is an individual present—he has him in his eye—to whom they owe a debt of gratitude. He repeats it—a debt of gratitude. Their rugged natures have been softened and ameliorated that day by the society of lovely woman. There is a gentleman in company whom two accomplished and delightful females regard with veneration, as the fountain of their existence. Yes, when yet

the two Misses Pecksniff lisped in language scarce intelligible, they called that individual "Father!" There is great applause. He gives them "Mr. Pecksniff, and God bless him!" They all shake hands with Mr. Pecksniff as they drink the toast. The youngest gentleman in company does so with a thrill; for he feels that a mysterious influence pervades the man who claims that being in the pink scarf for his daughter.

What saith Mr. Pecksniff in reply? Or rather let the question be, What leaves he unsaid? Nothing. More punch is called for, and produced, and drunk. Enthusiasm mounts still higher. Every man comes out freely in his own character. The gentleman of a theatrical turn recites. The vocal gentleman regales them with a song. Gander leaves the Gander of all former feasts whole leagues behind. *He* rises to propose a toast. It is, "The Father of Todgers's." It is their common friend Jink—it is Old Jink, if he may call him by that familiar and endearing appellation. The youngest gentleman in company utters a frantic negative. He won't have it—he can't bear it—it mustn't be. But his depth of feeling is misunderstood. He is supposed to be a little elevated, and nobody heeds him.

Mr. Jinkins thanks them from his heart. It is, by many degrees, the proudest day in his humble career. When he looks around him on the present occasion, he feels that he wants words in which to express his gratitude. One thing he will say. He hopes it has been shown that Todgers's can be true to itself; and, an opportunity arising, that it can come out quite as strong as its neighbours—perhaps stronger. He reminds them, amidst thunders of encouragement, that they have heard of a somewhat similar establishment in Cannon Street, and that they have heard it praised. He wishes

to draw no invidious comparisons; he would be the last man to do it; but when that Cannon Street establishment shall be able to produce such a combination of wit and beauty as has graced that board that day, and shall be able to serve up (all things considered) such a dinner as that of which they have just partaken, he will be happy to talk to it. Until then, gentlemen, he will stick to Todgers's.

More punch, more enthusiasm, more speeches. Everybody's health is drunk, saving the youngest gentleman in company. He sits apart, with his elbow on the back of a vacant chair, and glares disdainfully at Jinkins. Gander, in a convulsing speech, gives them the health of Bailey junior, hiccoughs are heard, and a glass is broken. Mr. Jinkins feels that it is time to join the ladies. He proposes, as a final sentiment, Mrs. Todgers. She is worthy to be remembered separately. Hear, hear. So she is; no doubt of it. They all find fault with her at other times; but every man feels, now, that he could die in her defence.

They go up-stairs, where they are not expected so soon; for Mrs. Todgers is asleep, Miss Charity is adjusting her hair, and Mercy, who has made a sofa of one of the window-seats, is in a gracefully recumbent attitude. She is rising hastily, when Mr. Jinkins implores her, for all their sakes, not to stir; she looks too graceful and too lovely, he remarks, to be disturbed. She laughs, and yields, and fans herself, and drops her fan, and there is a rush to pick it up. Being now installed, by one consent, as the beauty of the party, she is cruel and capricious, and sends gentlemen on messages to other gentlemen, and forgets all about them before they can return with the answer, and invents a thousand tortures, rending their hearts to pieces. Bailey brings up the tea and coffee. There is a small cluster of admirers

round Charity, but they are only those who cannot get near her sister. The youngest gentleman in company is pale, but collected, and still sits apart; for his spirit loves to hold communion with itself, and his soul recoils from noisy revellers. She has a consciousness of his presence and his adoration. He sees it flashing sometimes in the corner of her eye. Have a care, Jinkins, ere you provoke a desperate man to frenzy!

Mr. Pecksniff had followed his younger friend up-stairs, and taken a chair at the side of Mrs. Todgers. He had also spilled a cup of coffee over his legs without appearing to be aware of the circumstance; nor did he seem to know that there was muffin on his knee.

"And how have they used you down-stairs, sir?" asked the hostess.

"Their conduct has been such, my dear madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "as I can never think of without emotion, or remember without a tear. Oh, Mrs. Todgers!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed that lady. "How low you are in your spirits, sir!"

"I am a man, my dear madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, shedding tears, and speaking with an imperfect articulation, "but I am also a father. I am also a widower. My feelings, Mrs. Todgers, will not consent to be entirely smothered, like the young children in the Tower. They are grown up, and the more I press the bolster on them, the more they look round the corner of it."

He suddenly became conscious of the bit of muffin, and stared at it intently, shaking his head the while, in a forlorn and imbecile manner, as if he regarded it as his evil genius, and mildly reproached it.

"She was beautiful, Mrs. Todgers," he said, turning his

glazed eye again upon her, without the least preliminary notice. "She had a small property."

"So I have heard," cried Mrs. Todgers with great sympathy.

"Those are her daughters," said Mr. Pecksniff, pointing out the young ladies, with increased emotion.

Mrs. Todgers had no doubt of it.

"Mercy and Charity," said Mr. Pecksniff, "Charity and Mercy. Not unholy names, I hope?"

"Mr. Pecksniff!" cried Mrs. Todgers, "what a ghastly smile! Are you ill, sir?"

He pressed his hand upon her arm, and answered in a solemn manner and a faint voice, "Chronic."

"Cholic?" cried the frightened Mrs. Todgers.

"Chron-ic," he repeated with some difficulty. "Chronic. A chronic disorder. I have been its victim from childhood. It is carrying me to my grave."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Pecksniff, reckless with despair. "I am rather glad of it, upon the whole. You are like her, Mrs. Todgers."

"Don't squeeze me so tight, pray, Mr. Pecksniff. If any of the gentlemen should notice us."

"For her sake," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Permit me—in honour of her memory. For the sake of a voice from the tomb. You are *very* like her, Mrs. Todgers! What a world this is!"

"Ah! Indeed you may say **that**!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"I'm afraid it's a vain and thoughtless world," said Mr. Pecksniff, overflowing with despondency. "These young people about us. Oh! what sense have they of their responsibilities? None. Give me your other hand, Mrs. Todgers."

That lady hesitated, and said "she didn't like."

"Has a voice from the grave no influence?" said Mr. Pecksniff, with dismal tenderness. "This is irreligious! My dear creature!"

"Hush!" urged Mrs. Todgers. "Really you mustn't."

"It's not me," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Don't suppose it's me; it's the voice; it's her voice."

Mrs. Pecksniff deceased must have had an unusually thick and husky voice for a lady, and rather a stuttering voice, and, to say the truth, somewhat of a drunken voice, if it had ever borne much resemblance to that in which Mr. Pecksniff spoke just then. But perhaps this was delusion on his part.

"It has been a day of enjoyment, Mrs. Todgers, but still it has been a day of torture. It has reminded me of my loneliness. What am I in the world?"

"An excellent gentleman, Mr. Pecksniff," said Mrs. Todgers.

"There is consolation in that too," cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Am I?"

"There is no better man living," said Mrs. Todgers, "I am sure."

Mr. Pecksniff smiled through his tears, and slightly shook his head. "You are very good," he said, "thank you. It is a great happiness to me, Mrs. Todgers, to make young people happy. The happiness of my pupils is my chief object. I dote upon 'em. They dote upon me too—sometimes."

"Always," said Mrs. Todgers.

"When they say they haven't improved, ma'am," whispered Mr. Pecksniff, looking at her with profound mystery, and motioning to her to advance her ear a little closer to his mouth. "When they say they haven't improved, ma'am,

and the premium was too high, they lie! I shouldn't wish it to be mentioned; you will understand me; but I say to you as to an old friend, they lie."

"Base wretches they must be!" said Mrs. Todgers.

"Madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "you are right. I respect you for that observation. A word in your ear. To parents and guardians. This is in confidence, Mrs. Todgers?"

"The strictest, of course!" cried that lady.

"To parents and guardians," repeated Mr. Pecksniff. "An eligible opportunity now offers, which unites the advantages of the best practical architectural education with the comforts of a home, and the constant association with some, who, however humble their sphere and limited their capacity—observe—are not unmindful of their moral responsibilities."

Mrs. Todgers looked a little puzzled to know what this might mean, as well she might; for it was, as the reader may perchance remember, Mr. Pecksniff's usual form of advertisement when he wanted a pupil, and seemed to have no particular reference, at present, to anything. But Mr. Pecksniff held up his finger as a caution to her not to interrupt him.

"Do you know any parent or guardian, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, "who desires to avail himself of such an opportunity for a young gentleman? An orphan would be preferred. Do you know of any orphan with three or four hundred pounds?"

Mrs. Todgers reflected, and shook her head.

"When you hear of an orphan with three or four hundred pounds," said Mr. Pecksniff, "let that dear orphan's friends apply, by letter post-paid, to S. P., Post-office, Salisbury. I don't know who he is, exactly. Don't be alarmed, Mrs.

Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, falling heavily against her. "Chronic—chronic! Let's have a little drop of something to drink!"

"Bless my life, Miss Pecksniff!" cried Mrs. Todgers, aloud, "your dear pa's took very poorly!"

Mr. Pecksniff straightened himself by a surprising effort, as every one turned hastily toward him, and standing on his feet, regarded the assembly with a look of ineffable wisdom. Gradually it gave place to a smile; a feeble, helpless, melancholy smile; bland, almost to sickliness. "Do not repine, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff tenderly. "Do not weep for me. It is chronic." And with these words, after making a futile attempt to pull off his shoes, he fell into the fireplace.

The youngest gentleman in company had him out in a second. Yes, before a hair upon his head was singed, he had him on the hearth-rug—her father!

She was almost beside herself. So was her sister. Jinkins consoled them both. They all consoled them. Everybody had something to say except the youngest gentleman in company, who with a noble self-devotion did the heavy work, and held up Mr. Pecksniff's head without being taken any notice of by anybody. At last they gathered round, and agreed to carry him up-stairs to bed. The youngest gentleman in company was rebuked by Jinkins for tearing Mr. Pecksniff's coat! Ha, ha! But no matter.

They carried him up-stairs, and crushed the youngest gentleman at every step. His bedroom was at the top of the house, and it was a long way; but they got him there in course of time. He asked them frequently upon the road for a little drop of something to drink. It seemed an idiosyncrasy. The youngest gentleman in company proposed a

draught of water. Mr. Pecksniff called him opprobrious names for the suggestion.

Jinkins and Gander took the rest upon themselves, and made him as comfortable as they could, on the outside of his bed; and when he seemed disposed to sleep, they left him. But before they had all gained the bottom of the staircase, a vision of Mr. Pecksniff, strangely attired, was seen to flutter on the top landing. He desired to collect their sentiments, it seemed, upon the nature of human life.

"My friends," cried Mr. Pecksniff, looking over the balusters, "let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. Where is Jinkins?"

"Here!" cried that gentleman. "Go to bed again!"

"To bed!" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Bed! 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain; you have woke me too soon; I must slumber again. If any young orphan will repeat the remainder of that simple piece from Dr. Watts's collection, an eligible opportunity now offers."

Nobody volunteered.

"This is very soothing," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a pause. "Extremely so. Cool and refreshing, particularly to the legs! The legs of the human subject, my friends, are a beautiful production. Compare them with wooden legs, and observe the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art. Do you know," said Mr. Pecksniff, leaning over the balusters, with an odd recollection of his familiar manner among new pupils at home, "that I should very much like to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself!"

As it appeared impossible to entertain any reasonable hopes of him after this speech, Mr. Jinkins and Mr. Gander went

up-stairs again, and once more got him into bed. But they had not descended to the second floor before he was out again; nor, when they had repeated the process, had they descended the first flight, before he was out again. In a word, as often as he was shut up in his own room, he darted out afresh, charged with some new moral sentiment, which he continually repeated over the balusters, with extraordinary relish, and an irrepressible desire for the improvement of his fellow-creatures that nothing could subdue.

Under these circumstances, when they had got him into bed for the thirtieth time or so, Mr. Jinkins held him, while his companion went down-stairs in search of Bailey junior, with whom he presently returned. That youth, having been apprised of the service required of him, was in great spirits, and brought up a stool, a candle, and his supper, to the end that he might keep watch outside the bedroom door with tolerable comfort.

When he had completed his arrangements, they locked Mr. Pecksniff in, and left the key on the outside.

—"*Martin Chuzzlewit.*"

The Romance of Dick Turpin

Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode-er,
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach
A-comin' along the road-er.
So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs,
And he claps his head vithin,
And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Tur*pin!*"

CHORUS.—And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Tur*pin!*"

Says Turpin, "You shall eat your words,
With a sarse of leaden *bul*-let!"
So he puts a pistol to his mouth,
And he fires it down his *gul*-let.
The coachman, he not likin' the job,
Set off at a full gal-*lop*,
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwail'd on him to stop.

CHORUS (*sarcastically*).—But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwail'd on him to stop.

—"*Pickwick Papers.*"

Serjeant Buzfuz's Address to the Jury

SERJEANT BUZFUZ rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say,

which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you."

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sover-

eign, as one of the guardians of the royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription, 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document, 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!' Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow—'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assist-

ance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections. To a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse—among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen—the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded:

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice

and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little diversion from the subject in hand had, of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked

out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness, whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately—both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town—made use of this remarkable expression, 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded:

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? 'Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!' Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very, very remarkable expression, 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless—as is no doubt the case—it is a mere cover for hidden fire, a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of

correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this illusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the green-grocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismals before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz; "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down'; and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who

comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen."

With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

—*"Pickwick Papers."*

William Aytoun

Idées Napoléoniennes

Come, listen all who wish to learn
How nations should be ruled,
From one who from his youth has been
In suchlike matters school'd;
From one who knows the art to please,
Improve, and govern men—
Eh bien! écoutez aux Idées
Napoléoniennes!

To keep the mind intently fixed
On number One alone;
To look to no one's interest,
But push along your own,
Without the slightest reference
To how, or what, or when—
Eh bien! c'est la première Idée
Napoléonienne.

To make a friend, and use him well,
By which, of course, I mean
To use him up until he's drain'd
Completely dry and clean
Of all that makes him useful, and
To kick him over then
Without remorse—*c'est une Idée*
Napoléonienne.

To sneak into a good man's house
With sham credentials penn'd;
To sneak into his heart and trust,
And seem his children's friend;
To learn his secrets, find out where
He keeps his keys, and then
To bone his spoons—*c'est une Idée Napoléonienne.*

To gain your point in view; to wade
Through dirt, and slime, and blood;
To stoop to pick up what you want
Through any depth of mud;
But always in the fire to thrust
Some helpless cat's-paw, when
Your chestnuts burn—*c'est une Idée Napoléonienne.*

To clutch and keep the lion's share;
To kill or drive away
The wolves, that you upon the lambs
May, unmolested, prey;
To keep a gang of jackals fierce
To guard and stock your den,
While you lie down—*c'est une Idée Napoléonienne.*

To bribe the base; to crush the good,
And bring them to their knees;
To stick at nothing, or to stick
At what or whom you please;

William Aytoun

To stoop; to lie; to brag; to swear;
Forswear, and swear again;
To rise—*Ah! voilà des Idées*
Napoléoniennes.

Aytoun and Martin

The Lay of the Love-Lorn

(Parody on Tennyson's "Locksley Hall")

COMRADES, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger-beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

Let me go. Now, Chuckster, blow me, 'pon my soul, this is too bad!
When you want me, ask the waiter, he knows where I'm to be had!

Whew! This is a great relief now! Let me but undo my stock;
Resting here beneath the porch, my nerves will steady like a rock.

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd! Why, surely there's a brace of moons!

See—the stars! How bright they twinkle, winking with a frosty glare,
Like my faithless cousin Amy when she drove me to despair.

Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!
I must wear the mournful willow—all around my hat I've bound it.

Falser than the Bank of Fancy, frailer than a shilling glove,
Puppet to a father's anger, minion to a nabob's love!

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me, could you ever
Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a liver?

Happy! Damme! Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
Changing from the best of china to the commonest of clay.

As the husband is, the wife is. He is stomach-plagued and old,
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour of his gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely then
Something lower than his hookah, something less than his cayenne.

What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was't the claret? Oh, no, no—
Bless your soul, it was the salmon—salmon always makes him so.

Take him to thy dainty chamber, soothe him with thy lightest fancies,
He will understand thee, won't he—pay thee with a lover's glances?

Louder than the loudest trumpet, harsh as harshest ophicleide,
Nasal respirations answer the endearments of his bride.

Sweet response, delightful music! Gaze upon thy noble charge
Till the spirit fill thy bosom that inspired the meek Lafarge.

Better thou wert dead before me, better, better that I stood
Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured Daniel Good!

Better thou and I were lying, cold and limber-stiff and dead,
With a pan of burning charcoal underneath our nuptial bed!

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul to sin!
Cursed be the want of acres—doubly cursed the want of tin!

Cursed be the marriage contract, that enslaved thy soul to greed!
Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew the deed!

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did earn!
Cursed be the clerk and parson—cursed be the whole concern!

Oh, 'tis well that I should bluster; much I'm like to make of that.
Better comfort have I found in singing "All Around My Hat."

But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British ears.
'Twill not do to pine for ever: I am getting up in years.

Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly press,
And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretchedness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation that in manhood's dawn I knew,
When my days were all before me, and my years were twenty-two;

When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quadrant wide,
With the many larks of London flaring up on every side;

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb;

Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh, heavens!
Brandy at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking-hot at Evans';

Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in tears,
Saw the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades of years—

Saw Jack Sheppard, noble stripling, act his wondrous feats again,
Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's daisy chain;

Might was right, and all the terrors which had held the world in awe
Were despised and prigging prospered, spite of Laurie, spite of law.

In such scenes as these I triumphed, ere my passion's edge was rusted,
And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much disgusted!

Since, my heart is sore and withered, and I do not care a curse
Whether worse shall be the better, or the better be the worse.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, bawling for another jorum;
They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear before 'em.

Womankind no more shall vex me, such, at least, as go arrayed
In the most expensive satins, and the newest silk brocade.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spitalfields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval pride;

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich casava root,
Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple main
Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envious rule prevents;
Sink the steamboats! Cuss the railways! Rot, oh, rot the Three per Cents!

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will take some savage woman—nay, I'll take at least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared:
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard,

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo, in the mountains of the Moon.

I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood will daily quaff,
Ride a-tiger-hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noon-day slumbers iron-bound rhinoceroses.

Fool! Again, the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the gray barbarian lower than the Christian cad.

I, the swell, the city dandy! I to seek such horrid places,
I to haunt with squalid Negroes, blubber-lips, and monkey faces!

I to wed with Coromantees! I, who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer!

Stuff and nonsense! Let me never fling a single chance away.
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden may.

Morning Post (*The Times* won't trust me), help me, as I know you can;
I will pen an advertisement—that's a never-failing plan:

Aytoun and Martin

"WANTED—By a bard in wedlock, some young interesting woman.
Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be forthcoming!

"Hymen's chains, the advertiser vows, shall be but silken fetters.
Please address to A. T., Chelsea. N. B.—You must pay the letters."

That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go and taste the balmy.
Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted cousin Amy!
—*"Bon Gaultier Ballads."*

James Morton

How to Let One Room to Two Tenants

MRS. BOUNCER *and* COX.

Mrs. B. Good-morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox?

Cox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass while I finish my toilet.

Mrs. B. Certainly. (*Holding glass before* Cox, *who ties his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut!

Cox. Cut? It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat. (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Goes in at* L., *and returns with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*) This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wabble about rather less than the others—(*Puts on hat*)—and now I'm off! By-the-bye, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a

fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast——

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox!

Cox. It is not the case only with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox! you surely don't suspect me!

Cox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?

Cox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then I'll lend you one, and if you turn to the letter G you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose the chimney——

Cox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, *you're* not guilty of cheroots or Cubans?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then, how is that——

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it——

Cox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Mrs. B. Why, the gentleman who has got the attic is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet upon the mantelpiece——

Cox. The mantelpiece! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fireplace.

Cox. Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

Mrs. B. Why——

Cox. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up-stairs when I'm going down, and going down-stairs when I'm coming up!

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I——

Cox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Cox. Well, good-morning, Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

Cox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster! A halfpenny worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate.

(*Exit.*)

Mrs. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet, and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. (*She takes the three hats, Cox's dressing-gown and slippers, opens door and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*) Now, then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. (*Puts the key on ledge of door.*) I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Cox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so. (*Goes behind the curtains of the bed, and seems to be making it—then appears with a very thin bolster in her hand.*) The idea of Mr. Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! (*She disappears again behind curtains.*)

Box (*without*). Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters at back, dressed as a printer. Puts his head out at door again, shouting.*) It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir—it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

Mrs. B. (*emerging from behind the curtains of bed*). Lor, Mr. Box! What is the matter?

Box. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

Mrs. B. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you're quite pale in the face!

Box. What colour would you have a man be who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Mrs. B. But, then, you've all the day to yourself.

Box (*looking significantly at Mrs.* BOUNCER). So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments, and going to bed.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! (*Going.*)

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down-stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up-stairs when I'm going down?

Mrs. B. Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favour, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe

out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you.

Mrs. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder?

—*"Box and Cox."*

Irish Bulls

A NATIVE who heard an Englishman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden in the county of Galway. If you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him had been looking over his shoulder, he concluded with these words: "I would say more, but a tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the Hibernian.

Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and one of them only standing up, that one is sure to be a bull.

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman in a coal-yard. "Black as iver," replied Patrick, respectfully taking off the remains of his hat.

"Pat, if Mr. Jones comes before my return, tell him that I will meet him at two o'clock." "Aye, aye, sir. But what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for this country. I've bled for it, and I'll soon be able to say I've died for it."

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the driver of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honour in a ditch two years ago?"

A gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Och," answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a Southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Ochone!" he exclaimed solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk." "Whist!" said his wife, "don't be afther making fun of the birds."

A traveller came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honour, wasn't I fincing it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

Half a Dozen Bulls.—A merry evening party, in an English country town, were bantering poor Teddy about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.

"By my faith," said Teddy, "*you* needn't talk about that same in *this* place. You're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, so you are. In this paltry bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever seen wid the sign of the bull over the doore, so you have. I'm sure I can count half a dozen of them."

"Pooh, nonsense!" cried the party. "That'll never do.

What will you bet on that, Teddy? You're out there, my boy, depend upon it. We know the town as well as you, and so what will you bet?"

"Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all; I'm no better, I assure you—I should be worse if I were." This sally tickled his companions, and he proceeded, "But I'll be bound to name and count the six. There's the Black Bull."

"That's one. Go on."

"And the Red Bull."

"That's two. Go on."

"And the White Bull—and the Pied Bull."

"That's four. You can't go much further."

"And there's the—there's—there's—the Golden Bull in —what's it street?"

"Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough. But you're short yet."

"Aye," said a little letter-carrier, who sat smirking in the corner; "and he *will* be short, for there isn't one more, *I* know."

"And thin, remember," continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, "there's the Dun Cow."

At this a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling, amidst boisterous cries of "A bull! a bull!"

Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately asked, "Do you call that a bull?"

"To be sure it's a bull," they exclaimed.

"Then," said Teddy, "*that's the sixth.*"

Alfred Tennyson

The Goose

I KNEW an old wife, lean and poor,
  Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm;
  He uttered rhyme and reason:
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm;
  It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg;
  A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
  With cackle and with clatter.

She dropped the goose, and caught the pelf,
  And ran to tell her neighbours;
And blessed herself, and cursed herself,
  And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
  Grew plump and able-bodied,
Until the grave church-warden doffed,
  The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
  She felt her heart grow prouder.
But, ah! the more the white goose laid,
  It clacked and cackled louder.

It cluttered here, it chuckled there,
  It stirred the old wife's mettle;
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
  And hurled the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursèd note!"
  Then waxed her anger stronger:
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat;
  I will not bear it longer!"

Then yelped the cur, and yawed the cat,
  Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way, and flew that,
  And filled the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
  They floundered all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,
  He uttered words of scorning:
"So keep you warm, or keep you cold,
  It is a stormy morning."

Alfred Tennyson

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
  And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
  And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
  The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
  And a whirlwind cleared the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose,
  Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The devil take the goose,
  And God forget the stranger!"

Northern Farmer—Old Style

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thourt nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle; but I beänt a fool.
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
"The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,

An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's chooch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä.
"The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste;
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysen;

Moäst loike a butter-bump, fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about;
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my aäle.

Dubbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now—
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd;
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver mended a fence;
But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow!

Loök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén, naw doubt, "What a man a beä sewer-loy!"
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
Doctor's a toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle.
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy.
Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

Charles Reade

Doctor Aberford's Prescription

"Dr. Aberford, my lord."

This announcement, made by Mr. Saunders, checked his lordship's reverie.

"Insults everybody, does he not, Saunders?"

"Yes, my lord," said Saunders monotonously.

"Perhaps he will me; that might amuse me," said the other.

A moment later the doctor bowled into the apartment, tugging at his gloves as he ran.

The contrast between him and our poor rich friend is almost beyond human language.

Here lay on a sofa Ipsden, one of the most distinguished young gentlemen in Europe; a creature incapable, by nature, of a rugged tone or a coarse gesture; a being without the slightest apparent pretension, but refined beyond the wildest dream of dandies. To him enter Aberford, perspiring and shouting. He was one of those globules of human quicksilver one sees now and then for two seconds. They are, in fact, two globules; their head is one, invariably bald, round, and glittering; the body is another in activity and shape, *totus teres atque rotundus*. And in fifty years they live five centuries. Of these our doctor was the chief. He had hardly torn off one glove, and rolled as far as the third flower from the door on his lordship's carpet, before he shouted:

"This is my patient, lolloping in pursuit of health. Your

hand," added he. For he was at the sofa long before his lordship could glide off it.

"Tongue. Pulse is good. Breathe in my face."

"Breathe in your face, sir? How can I do that?" (with an air of mild doubt).

"By first inhaling, and then exhaling in the direction required, or how can I make acquaintance with your bowels?"

"My bowels?"

"The abdomen, and the greater and lesser intestines. Well, never mind, I can get at them another way. Give your heart a slap—so. That's your liver. And that's your diaphragm."

His lordship having found the required spot (some people that I know could not) and slapped it, the Aberford made a circular spring and listened eagerly at his shoulder-blade. The result of this scientific pantomime seemed to be satisfactory, for he exclaimed, not to say bawled:

"Hullo! here is a viscount as sound as a roach! Now, young gentleman," added he, "your organs are superb, yet you are really out of sorts. It follows you have the maladies of idle minds, love, perhaps, among the rest. You blush, a diagnostic of that disorder. Make your mind easy; cutaneous disorders, such as love, etc., shall never kill a patient of mine with a stomach like yours. So, now to cure you!" And away went the spherical doctor, with his hands behind him, not up and down the room, but slanting and tacking, like a knight on a chess-board. He had not made many steps before, turning his upper globule, without affecting his lower, he hurled back, in a cold, business-like tone, the following interrogatory:

"What are your vices?"

"Saunders," inquired the patient, "which are my vices?"

"His lordship hasn't any vices," replied Saunders, with dull, matter-of-fact solemnity.

"Lady Barbara makes the same complaint," thought Lord Ipsden.

"It seems I have not any vices, Dr. Aberford," said he demurely.

"That is bad; nothing to get hold of. What interests you, then?"

"I don't remember."

"What amuses you?"

"I forget."

"What! no winning horse to gallop away your rents?"

"No, sir!"

"No opera girl to run her foot and ankle through your purse?"

"No, sir! And I think their ankles are not what they were."

"Stuff! Just the same, from their ankles up to their ears, and down again to their morals! It is your eyes that are sunk deeper into your head. Hm! no horses, no vices, no dancers, no yacht. You confound one's notions of nobility, and I ought to know them, for I have to patch them all up a bit just before they go to the deuce."

"But I have, Dr. Aberford."

"What?"

"A yacht! And a clipper she is too."

"Ah! (Now I've got him.)"

"In the Bay of Biscay she lay half a point nearer the wind than Lord Heavyjib."

"Oh! bother Lord Heavyjib, and his Bay of Biscay."

"With all my heart; they have often bothered me."

"Send her round to Granton Pier, in the Firth of Forth."

"I will, sir."

"And write down this prescription." And away he walked again, thinking the prescription.

"Saunders," appealed his master.

"Saunders be hanged."

"Sir!" said Saunders with dignity, "I thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank your own deserts," replied the modern Chesterfield. "Oblige me by writing it yourself, my lord; it is all the bodily exercise you will have had to-day, no doubt."

The young viscount bowed, seated himself at a desk, and wrote from dictation:

"Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and, above all, their troubles."

"Won't all this bore me?" suggested the writer.

"You will see. Relieve one fellow-creature every day, and let Mr. Saunders book the circumstances."

"I shall like this part," said the patient, laying down his pen. "How clever of you to think of such things. May not I do two sometimes?"

"Certainly not; one pill per day. Write Fish the herring! (that beats deer-stalking). Run your nose into adventures at sea; live on tenpence, and earn it. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down, but Saunders would have written it better."

"If he hadn't he ought to be hanged," said the Aberford, inspecting the work. "I'm off. Where's my hat? Oh, there. Where's my money? Oh, here. Now look here, follow my prescription, and

'You will soon have *Mens sana in corpore sano*,
And not care whether the girls say yes or say no.'

Neglect it, and—my gloves; oh, in my pocket—you will be *blasé* and *ennuyé*, and (an English participle, that means something as bad) God bless you!"

And out he scuttled, glided after by Saunders, who opened and shut the street-door for him.—"*Christie Johnstone.*"

Cibber's Repartee

THE laureate was now respectfully addressed by one of his admirers, James Quin, the *Falstaff* of the day, and the rival at this time of Garrick in tragic characters, though the general opinion was that he could not long maintain a standing against the younger genius and his rising school of art.

Off the stage, James Quin was a character. His eccentricities were three: a humourist, a glutton, and an honest man—traits that often caused astonishment and ridicule, especially the last.

"May we not hope for something from Mr. Cibber's pen after so long a silence?"

"No," was the considerate reply. "Who have ye got to play it?"

"Plenty," said Quin. "There's your humble servant, there's——"

"Humility at the head of the list," cried she of the epilogue.

Vane thought this so sharp.

"Garrick, Barry, Macklin, Kitty Clive here at my side, Mrs. Cibber, the best tragic actress I ever saw, and Woffington, who is as good a comedian as you ever saw, sir." And Quin turned as red as fire.

"Keep your temper, Jemmy," said Mrs. Woffington with a severe accent.

"You misunderstand my question," replied Cibber calmly. "I know your *dramatis personæ*, but where the devil are your actors?"

Here was a blow.

"The public," said Quin in some agitation, "would snore if we acted as they did in your time."

"How do you know that, sir?" was the supercilious rejoinder. "*You never tried!*"

Mr. Quin was silenced. Peg Woffington looked off her epilogue.

"Bad as we are," said she coolly, "we might be worse."

Mr. Cibber turned round, and slightly raised his eyebrows.

"Indeed!" said he. "Madam," added he, with a courteous smile, "will you be kind enough to explain to me how you could be worse!"

"If, like a crab, we could go backward!"

At this the auditors tittered, and Mr. Cibber had recourse to his spy-glass.

This gentleman was satirical or insolent, as the case might demand, in three degrees, of which the snuff-box was the comparative, and the spy-glass the superlative. He had learned this on the stage; in annihilating Quin he had just used the snuff weapon, and now he drew his spy-glass upon poor Peggy.

"Whom have we here?" said he. Then he looked with his spy-glass to see. "Oh! the little Irish orange-girl!"

"Whose basket outweighed Colley Cibber's salary for the first twenty years of his dramatic career," was the delicate reply to the above delicate remark. It staggered him for a moment. However, he affected a most puzzled air, then gradually allowed a light to steal into his features.

"Eh! Ah! Oh! How stupid I am! I understand; you sold something besides oranges!"—*"Peg Woffington."*

A Bad Shilling

My brother left Oxfordshire and settled in a milder climate. During his long sojourn there a vague report reached him that bad money had been passed on Moore, and he had made the district ring.

When after seven years my brother returned to his native woods, he looked in at Scott's farm, and there was Moore, the only familiar face about which did not seem a day older. After other friendly inquiries my brother said:

"But how about the bad money that was passed on you? Tell me all about it."

"That I wool," said Moore, delighted to find a good listener to a grievance which to him was ever new, though the circumstance was five years old. "I was at dung-cart most of that day, and then I washed and tried to get a minute to milk the cow; but bless your heart, they never will let me milk her afore sunset. It's Moore here, and Moore there, from half a dozen of 'em; and Mr. Moore here, and Mr. Moore there, from the one or two as have learned manners, which very few of 'em have in these parts; and between 'em they allus contrive to keep me from my own cow till

dusk. Well, sir, I had got leave to milk her, hurry-scurry as usual, and night coming on, when a man I had sold a fat hog to came into the yard to pay. 'Wait a minute,' says I. But no, he was like the rest, couldn't let me milk her in peace; wanted to settle and drive the baacon home. So I took my head out o' the cow, and I went to him without so much as letting my smock down, and he gave me the money, £6 17*s*. I took the gold in one hand so, and the silver in t'other so, and I went across the yard to the house, and I asked the missus to get a light, and then I told the money before her, six sovereigns and seventeen shillings, and left her to scratch him a receipt, while I went back to my cow, and I thought to milk her in peace at last. But before I had drained her as should be, out comes my missus, and screams fit to wake the dead, 'George! George!' 'I be coming,' says I. So I up with the milk-pail and goes to her. 'Whose cat's dead now?' says I, 'for mercy's sake.'

"'Come in, come in,' says she. 'George, whoever is that man? He have paid us a bad shilling. Look at that.' Well, we tried that there shilling on the table first, and then on the hearth. 'Twas bad; couldn't be wus. 'Run after him,' says she; 'run this moment.' 'Lard,' says I, 'they be half way to Wallingford by this time. Here, give me a scrap of paper. I'll carry it about in my fob; he goes to all the markets; he will change it, you may be sure.'

"Well, the very next Friday as ever was I met him at Wallingford market, pulls out the paper, shows him the shilling, tells him it warn't good. He looks at it and agreed with me. 'Then change it, if you please,' says I. 'What for?' says he. 'I don't want no bad shillings no more nor you do.' 'But,' says I, 'price of hog was six seventeen, and you only paid six sixteen in money.' 'Yes, I did,' says

he; 'I gave you six seventeen.' 'No, ye didn't.' 'Yes, I did.' 'No, ye didn't; you gave me six sixteen, and *this*. Now, my man,' says I, 'act honest and pay me t'other shilling.' No, he wouldn't. There was a crowd by this time, so I said, 'Look here, gentlemen, I sold this man a hog, and he gave me this in part pay, which it ain't a *real* shilling, and mine was a genuine hog.' So they all said it warn't a shilling at all. When the man heard that he was for slipping off, but I stepped after him, with half the market at my heels. 'Will you pay me my shilling?' 'I don't owe you no shilling,' says he. 'You do,' says I; 'and pay me my shilling you shall.' 'I won't.' 'You shall; I'll pison your life else.'

"Next time of asking, as the saying is, was Reading market. Catches him cheapening a calf. Takes out shilling. 'Now,' says I, 'here's your bad shilling as you gave me for my hog—which it is a warning to honest folk with calves to sell,' says I. 'Be you going to change it?' 'No, I bain't.' 'You bain't?' says I. 'You shall, then,' says I. 'Time will show,' says he, and bid me good-day, ironical. I let him get a little way, and then I stepped after him. 'Hi, stop that gentleman,' I hallooed. 'He have given me a bad shilling.' You might hear me all over the market. Then he threatened defanation or summat. I didn't keer; I bawled him out o' Reading market that there afternoon.

"Met him at Henley next; commenced operations—took out the shilling. He crossed over directly, I after 'un, and held out the shilling. ''Tain't no use,' says I. 'You sha'n't do no business in this here county till you have changed this here shilling. Come, my man, 'tis only a shilling. What is all this here to do about a shilling?' says I. 'Act honest and give me my shilling, and take this here *keepsake* back.' 'I won't,' says he. 'You won't?' says I. 'Then I'll hunt

you out of every market in England. I'll hunt ye into the wilderness and the hocean wave.'

"He got very sick of me in a year or two's marketing, I can tell you; for I never missed a market *now,* because of the shilling. He had to give up trade and go home whenever he saw my shilling and me a-coming."

"And so you tired him out?"

"That I did."

"And got your shilling?"

"That I did not. He found a way to cheat me after all!" (with a sudden yell of reprobation). "He went and died—and here's the shilling!"—*"Rus," in "Good Stories."*

Charles Kingsley

The Professor's Malady

THEY say that no one has ever yet seen a water-baby. For my part, I believe that the naturalists get dozens of them when they are out dredging, but they say nothing about them, and throw them overboard again, for fear of spoiling their theories. But you see the professor was found out, as every one is in due time. A very terrible old fairy found the professor out. She felt his bumps, and cast his nativity, and took the lunars of him carefully inside and out; and so she knew what he would do as well as if she had seen it in a print book, as they say in the dear old west country. And he did it. And so he was found out beforehand, as everybody always is; and the old fairy will find out the naturalists some day, and put them in the *Times;* and then on whose side will the laugh be?

So all the doctors in the county were called in to make a report on his case; and of course every one of them flatly contradicted the other: else what use is there in being men of science? But at last the majority agreed on a report, in the true medical language, one half bad Latin, the other half worse Greek, and the rest what might have been English, if they had only learned to write it. And this is the beginning thereof:

"The subanhypaposupernal anastomoses of peritomic diacellurite in the encephalo-digital region of the distinguished individual of whose symptomatic phenomena we had the

melancholy honour (subsequent to a preliminary diagnostic inspection) of making an inspectorial diagnosis, presenting the interexclusively quadrilateral and antinomian diathesis known as Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles, we proceeded——"

But what they proceeded to do my lady never knew, for she was so frightened at the long words that she ran for her life, and locked herself into her bedroom, for fear of being squashed by the words and strangled by the sentence. A boa-constrictor, she said, was bad company enough; but what was a boa-constrictor made of paving-stones?

"It was quite shocking! What can they think is the matter with him?" said she to the old nurse.

"That his wit's just addled; maybe wi' unbelief and heathenry," quoth she.

"Then why can't they say so?"

And the heaven, and the sea, and the rocks and vales re-echoed, "Why, indeed?" But the doctors never heard them.

So she made Sir John write to the *Times* to command the chancellor of the exchequer for the time being to put a tax on long words:

A light tax on words over three syllables, which are necessary evils, like rats, but, like them, must be kept down judiciously.

A heavy tax on words over four syllables, as heterodoxy, spontaneity, spiritualism, spuriosity, etc.

And on words over five syllables (of which I hope no one will wish to see any examples), a totally prohibitory tax.

And a similar prohibitory tax on words derived from three or more languages at once, words derived from two languages having become so common that there was no more hope of rooting out them than of rooting out peth-winds.

The chancellor of the exchequer, being a scholar and a

man of sense, jumped at the notion, for he saw in it the one and only plan for abolishing Schedule D. But when he brought in his bill, most of the Irish members, and (I am sorry to say) some of the Scotch likewise, opposed it most strongly, on the ground that in a free country no man was bound either to understand himself or to let others understand him. So the bill fell through on the first reading, and the chancellor, being a philosopher, comforted himself with the thought that it was not the first time that a woman had hit off a grand idea, and the men turned up their stupid noses thereat.

Now the doctors had it all their own way, and to work they went in earnest, and they gave the poor professor divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns, from Hippocrates to Feuchtersleben, as below, *viz.:*

1. Hellebore, to wit—
   Hellebore of Æta.
   Hellebore of Galatia.
   Hellebore of Sicily.
   And all other Hellebores, after the method of the Helleborising Helleborists of the Helleboric era. But that would not do. Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles would not stir an inch out of his encephalo-digital region.

2. Trying to find out what was the matter with him; after the method of—
   Hippocrates.
   Aretæus.
   Celsus.
   Cœlius Aurelianus.

And Galen. But they found that a great deal too much trouble, as most people have since, and so had recourse to—

3. Borage.
Cauteries.
Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.
Bezoar stone.
Diamargaritum.
A ram's brain boiled in spice.
Oil of wormwood.
Water of Nile.
Capers.
Good wine (but there was none to be got).
The water of a smith's forge.
Hops.
Ambergris.
Mandrake pillows.
Dormouse's fat.
Hares' ears.
Starvation.
Camphor.
Salts and senna.
Musk.
Opium.
Strait-waistcoats.
Bullyings.
Bumpings.
Blisterings.
Bleedings.

Bucketings with cold water.
Knockings down.
Kneeling on his chest till they broke it in, etc., etc., after the mediæval or monkish method. But that would not do. Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles stuck there still.
Then—

4. Coaxing.
Kissing.
Champagne and turtle.
Red herrings and soda-water.
Good advice.
Gardening.
Croquet.
Musical *soirées*.
Aunt Sally.
Mild tobacco.
The *Saturday Review*.
A carriage with outriders, etc., etc., after the modern method. But that would not do.
And if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given him, in addition—
The healthiest situation in England, on Easthampstead Plain.
Free run of Windsor Forest.
The *Times* every morning.
A double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more), in case black game were scarce.

But as he was neither mad enough nor bad enough to be allowed such luxuries, they grew desperate, and fell into bad ways, *viz.:*

5. Suffumigations of sulphur.
Heerwiggius his "Incomparable Drink for Madmen." Only they could not find out what it was.
Suffumigation of the liver of the fish ——. Only they had forgotten its name, so Dr. Gray could not well procure them a specimen.
Metallic tractors.
Holloway's Ointment.
Electro-biology.
Valentine Greatrakes his Stroking Cure.
Spirit-rapping.
Holloway's Pills.
Table-turning.
Morrison's Pills.
Homœopathy.
Parr's Life Pills.
Mesmerism.
Pure Bosh.
Exorcisms, for which they read Malleus Malefica rum, Nideri Formicarium, Delrio, Wierus, etc., but could not get one that mentioned water-babies.
Hydropathy.
Madame Rachel's Elixir of Youth.
The Poughkeepsie Seer his Prophecies.
The distilled liquor of addled eggs.
Pyropathy, as successfully employed by the old inquisitors to cure the malady of thought, and now by the Persian Mollahs to cure that of rheumatism.

Geopathy, or burying him.

Atmopathy, or steaming him.

Sympathy, after the method of Basil Valentine his Triumph of Antimony, and Kenelm Digby his Weapon-salve, which some call a hair of the dog that bit him.

Hermopathy, or pouring mercury down his throat, to move the animal spirits.

Meteoropathy, or going up to the moon to look for his lost wits, as Ruggiero did for Orlando Furioso's. Only, having no hippogriff, they were forced to use a balloon; and, falling into the North Sea, were picked up by a Yarmouth herring-boat, and came home much the wiser, and all over scales.

Antipathy, or using him like "a man and a brother."

Apathy, or doing nothing at all.

With all other ipathies and opathies which Noodle has invented, and Foodle tried, since black fellows chipped flints at Abbeville—which is a considerable time ago, to judge by the Great Exhibition.

But nothing would do. For he screamed and cried all day for a water-baby to come and drive away the monsters; and of course they did not try to fine one, because they did not believe in them, and were thinking of nothing but Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles, having, as usual, set the cart before the horse, and taken the effect for the cause.

So they were forced at last to let the poor professor ease his mind by writing a great book, exactly contrary to all his old opinions, in which he proved that the moon was made of green cheese, and that all the mites in it (which you may see sometimes quite plain through a telescope, if you will only keep the lens dirty enough, as Mr. Weekes kept his voltaic battery) are nothing in the world but little babies,

who are hatching and swarming up there in millions, ready to come down into this world whenever children want a new little brother or sister.—*"The Water-Babies."*

Travels In and About Waste-Paper-Land

When Tom got to the bottom, he swam till he was washed on shore safe upon the Other-end-of-Nowhere; and he found it, to his surprise, as most other people do, much more like This-end-of-Somewhere than he had been in the habit of expecting.

And first he went through Waste-paper-land, where all the stupid books lie in heaps, up hill and down dale, like leaves in a winter wood; and there he saw people digging and grubbing among them, to make worse books out of bad ones, and thrashing chaff to save the dust of it; and a very good trade they drove thereby, especially among children.

Then he went by the sea of slops, to the mountain of messes, and the territory of tuck, where the ground was very sticky, for it was all made of bad toffee (not Everton toffee, of course), and full of deep cracks and holes choked with wind-fallen fruit, and green gooseberries, and sloes, and crabs, and whinberries, and hips, and haws, and all the nasty things which little children will eat if they can get them. But the fairies hide them out of the way in that country as fast as they can; and very hard work they have, and of very little use it is. For as fast as they hide away the old trash, foolish and wicked people make fresh trash full of lime and poisonous paints, and actually go and steal receipts out of old Madame Science's big book to invent poi-

sons for little children, and sell them at wakes and fairs and tuck-shops. Very well. Let them go on. Dr. Letheby and Dr. Hassall cannot catch them, though they are setting traps for them all day long. But the fairy with the birch-rod will catch them all in time, and make them begin at one corner of their shops, and eat their way out at the other; by which time they will have got such stomach-aches as will cure them of poisoning little children.

Next he saw all the little people in the world, writing all the little books in the world, about all the other little people in the world; probably because they had no great people to write about; and if the names of the books were not "Squeeky," nor the "Pumplighter," nor the "Narrow, Narrow World," nor the "Hills of the Chattermuch," nor the "Children's Twaddeday," why then they were something else. And all the rest of the little people in the world read the books, and thought themselves each as good as the president; and perhaps they were right, for every one knows his own business best. But Tom thought he would sooner have a jolly good fairy tale about Jack the Giant-killer, or Beauty and the Beast, which taught him something that he didn't know already.

And next he came to the centre of creation (the Hub, they call it there), which lies in latitude 42.21 south, and longitude 108.56 east.

And there he found all the wise people instructing mankind in the science of spirit-rapping, while their house was burning over their heads; and when Tom told them of the fire, they held an indignation meeting forthwith, and unanimously determined to hang Tom's dog for coming into their country with gunpowder in his mouth. Tom couldn't help saying that though they did fancy they had carried all the

wit away with them out of Lincolnshire two hundred years ago, yet if they had had one such Lincolnshire nobleman among them as good old Lord Yarborough, he would have called for the fire-engines before he hanged other people's dogs. But it was of no use, and the dog was hanged. And Tom couldn't even have his carcass; for they had abolished the have-his-carcass act in that country, for fear lest when rogues fell out, honest men should come by their own. And so they would have succeeded perfectly, as they always do, only that (as they also always do) they failed in one little particular, *viz.:* that the dog would not die, being a water-dog, but bit their fingers so abominably that they were forced to let him go, and Tom likewise, as British subjects. Whereon they recommenced rapping for the spirits of their fathers; and very much astonished the poor old spirits were when they came, and saw how, according to the laws of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, their descendants had weakened their constitution by hard living.

Then came Tom to the island of Polupragmosyne, which some called Rogues' Harbour (but they are wrong; for that is in the middle of Bramshill Bushes, and the county police have cleared it out long ago). There every one knows his neighbour's business better than his own; and a very noisy place it is, as might be expected, considering that all the inhabitants are *ex-officio* on the wrong side of the house in the "Parliament of Man, and the Federation of the World," and are always making wry mouths, and crying that the fairies' grapes were sour.

There Tom saw ploughs drawing horses, nails driving hammers, birds' nests taking boys, books making authors, bulls keeping china-shops, monkeys shaving cats, dead dogs drilling live lions, blind brigadiers shelved as principals of

colleges, play-actors not in the least shelved as popular preachers, and, in short, every one set to do something which he had not learned, because in what he had learned, or pretended to learn, he had failed.

There stands the Pantheon of the Great Unsuccessful, from the builders of the Tower of Babel to those of the Trafalgar Fountains, in which politicians lecture on the constitutions which ought to have marched, conspirators on the revolutions which ought to have succeeded, economists on the schemes which ought to have made every one's fortune, projectors on the discoveries which ought to have set the Thames on fire, and (in due time) presidents on the union which ought to have reunited, and secretaries of state on the greenbacks which ought to have done just as well as hard money. There cobblers lecture on orthopedy (whatsoever that may be) because they cannot sell their shoes; and poets on æsthetics (whatsoever that may be) because they cannot sell their poetry. There philosophers demonstrate that England would be the freest and richest country in the world if she would only turn papist again; penny-a-liners abuse the *Times* because they have not wit enough to get on its staff, and young ladies walk about with lockets of Charles the First's hair (or of somebody else's, when the Jews' genuine stock is used up), inscribed with a neat and appropriate legend.—*"The Water-Babies."*

Yorkshire Proverbs

If yer wife iz up-stairs, an yo call to hur, sho sez, "Commin in a minnit," tack a two-mile wauk, an when yo get back agean, yo may calkelate at shool just hev cum daan.

If yer wife, after yov cum'd off on a journey, begins a axin if thear wor owt new ta be seen t'draper shop windaz, yo may calkelate at sho expected yo bringin hur summat.

If yer wife ligs yo aght a clean shirt, an yo cumplain abaght thear bein sum buttons off, yo may calkelate on hur sayin at sho wor sure at thay wor all on reight enif when it whent ta be wesht.

"Aw sal nivvir hav t'gout a thee," az owd Dot-an-carry-Won sed, wen e lewk'd daan at hiz wooden leg.

"They du az they like we t'little uns," az t'owd cat sed, wen shoo saw hur kittens takken intut sossige-shop.

Luv's like cobbler's wax: t'moar yo meddle wit an t'bigger mess yo mak, an t'cloaser it sticks tul yo.

"That's wat aw call laaying it on thick," az t'lad sed, wen hiz fatthur wallop't him wit cloaze-prop.

"Ther's a baandary ta all things," az t'chap sed, wen e ran hiz heead agea a brick wall.

"Smooth an thin, an takken in," az t'shopkeeper sed, wen e lewk'd at t'bad shillin.

"Aw'm varry partial ta tender joints," az t'rumatick sed tut chap's leg.

"Noa moar, thank yo," az t'cat sed when it saw t'ammonia bottle.

Mary Evans—"George Eliot"

A Scholar's Proposal of Marriage

My Dear Miss Brooke: I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you, I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred. Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes: a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discerned in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with those graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated. It was, I confess, beyond my hope to meet with this rare combination of elements both solid and attractive,

adapted to supply aid in graver labours and to cast a charm over vacant hours; and but for the event of my introduction to you (which, let me again say, I trust to be superficially coincident with foreshadowing needs, but providentially related thereto as stages toward the completion of a life's plan), I should presumably have gone on to the last without any attempt to lighten my solitariness by a matrimonial union.

Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feelings; and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiment. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare, I should regard as the highest of providential gifts. In return I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted, and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages whereon, if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame. I wait the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labour than usual. But in this order of experience I am still young, and in looking forward to an unfavourable possibility I cannot but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope. In any case, I shall remain, yours with sincere devotion,

EDWARD CASAUBON.

—*"Middlemarch."*

Mary Evans

Some of Mrs. Poyser's Opinions

It's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas.

What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggle-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbon, good for nothing when the colour's gone.

Mr. Bede, will you take some vinegar with your lettuce? Aye, you're i' th' right not. It spoils the flavour o' the chine, to my thinking. It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t'hide it.

I know that dancin's nonsense; but if you stick at everything because it's nonsense, you wonna go far i' this life. When your broth's ready-made for you, you mun swallow the thickenin', or else let the broth alone.

I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasurin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin', an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day, for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree.

I was never over-fond o' gentlefolk's servants—they're mostly like the fine lady's fat dogs, nayther good for barking nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show.

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think; folks have to wait long enough before it's brought to 'em.

I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my

life. There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I sha'n't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old squire; and there's little likelihoods, for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world.

I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy, an' wonder what she's come after.

Scarceness o' victual 'ull keep; there's no need to be hasty wi' the cooking. An' scarceness is what there's the biggest stock of i' that country.

It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on.—*"Adam Bede."*

Tom Tulliver Impersonates the Duke of Wellington

"I SAY, Magsie," said Tom, shutting his books and putting them away with the energy and decision of a perfect master in the art of leaving off, "I've done my lessons now. Come up-stairs with me."

"What is it?" said Maggie, when they were outside the door, a slight suspicion crossing her mind as she remembered Tom's preliminary visit up-stairs. "It isn't a trick you're going to play me, now?"

"No, no, Maggie," said Tom, in his most coaxing tone; "it's something you'll like *ever so.*"

He put his arm round her neck, and she put hers round his waist, and, twined together in this way, they went up-stairs.

"I say, Magsie, you must not tell anybody, you know," said Tom, "else I shall get fifty lines."

"Is it alive?" said Maggie, whose imagination had settled for the moment on the idea that Tom kept a ferret clandestinely.

"Oh, I sha'n't tell you," said he. "Now you go into that corner and hide your face, while I reach it out," he added, as he locked the bedroom door behind them. "I'll tell you when to turn round. You mustn't squeal out, you know."

"Oh, but if you frighten me, I shall," said Maggie, beginning to look rather serious.

"You won't be frightened, you silly thing," said Tom. "Go and hide your face, and mind you don't peep."

"Of course I sha'n't peep," said Maggie disdainfully. And she buried her face in the pillow like a person of strict honour.

But Tom looked round warily as he walked to the closet; then he stepped into the narrow space, and almost closed the door. Maggie kept her face buried without the aid of principle, for in that dream-suggestive attitude she had soon forgotten where she was, and her thoughts were busy with the poor deformed boy who was so clever, when Tom called out, "Now then, Magsie!"

Nothing but long meditation and preconcerted arrangement of effects could have enabled Tom to present so striking a figure as he did to Maggie when she looked up. Dissatisfied with the pacific aspect of a face which had no more than the faintest hint of flaxen eyebrow, together with a pair of amiable blue-gray eyes and round pink cheeks that refused to look formidable, let him frown as he would before the looking-glass (Philip had once told him of a man who had a horseshoe frown, and Tom had tried with all his frowning-might

to make a horse-shoe on his forehead), he had had recourse to that unfailing source of the terrible, burnt cork, and had made himself a pair of black eyebrows that met in a satisfactory manner over his nose, and were matched by a less carefully adjusted blackness about the chin. He had wound a red handkerchief round his cloth cap to give it the air of a turban, and his red comforter across his breast as a scarf—an amount of red which, with the tremendous frown on his brow, and the decision with which he grasped the sword, as he held it with its point resting on the ground, would suffice to convey an approximative idea of his fierce and bloodthirsty disposition.

Maggie looked bewildered for a moment, and Tom enjoyed that moment keenly; but in the next she laughed, clapped her hands together, and said, "Oh, Tom, you've made yourself like *Bluebeard* at the show."

It was clear she had not been struck with the presence of the sword—it was not unsheathed. Her frivolous mind required a more direct appeal to its sense of the terrible, and Tom prepared for his master-stroke. Frowning with a double amount of intention, if not of corrugation, he (carefully) drew the sword from its sheath and pointed it at Maggie.

"Oh, Tom, please don't!" exclaimed Maggie, in a tone of suppressed dread, shrinking away from him into the opposite corner. "I *shall* scream—I'm sure I shall! Oh, don't! I wish I'd never come up-stairs!"

The corners of Tom's mouth showed an inclination to a smile of complacency that was immediately checked as inconsistent with the severity of a great warrior. Slowly he let down the scabbard on the floor, lest it should make too much noise, and then said sternly:

"I'm the Duke of Wellington! March!" stamping for-

ward with the right leg a little bent, and the sword still pointing toward Maggie, who, trembling, and with tear-filled eyes, got upon the bed, as the only means of widening the space between them.

Tom, happy in this spectator of his military performances, even though the spectator was only Maggie, proceeded, with the utmost exertion of his force, to such an exhibition of the cut and thrust as would necessarily be expected of the Duke of Wellington.

"Tom, I *will not* bear it, I *will* scream," said Maggie, at the first movement of the sword. "You'll hurt yourself; you'll cut your head off!"

"One—two," said Tom resolutely, though at "two" his wrist trembled a little. "Three" came more slowly, and with it the sword swung downward, and Maggie gave a loud shriek. The sword had fallen, with its edge on Tom's foot, and in a moment after he had fallen too. Maggie leaped from the bed, still shrieking, and immediately there was a rush of footsteps toward the room. Mr. Stelling, from his upstairs study, was the first to enter. He found both the children on the floor. Tom had fainted, and Maggie was shaking him by the collar of his jacket, screaming, with wild eyes.

—*"The Mill on the Floss."*

Tom Robertson

A Prospective Misalliance

D'ALROY *and* HAUTREE.

D'Alroy. I told you so. The key was under the mat, in case I should come. The girls are not yet back from rehearsal. Confound rehearsals!

Hautree. Aah! So this is the fairy's bowaw?

D'Alroy. Yes. And this is the fairy's fireplace! The fire is laid, and I'll light it!

Hautree. And this is the abode rendered sacred by her presence? This is where she lives, walks, and talks—eats and drinks? Does she-ah! eat and drink?

D'Alroy. Yes—and heartily! I've seen her—many a time!

Hautree. Yaas! So you are really spooney? Case of true love? Hit dead?

D'Alroy. Right through!

Hautree. True-ue?

D'Alroy. True! Ah! I can't live away from her!

Hautree. Poor old D'Al! So you've brought me over the water to——

D'Alroy. Stangate!

Hautree. Stangate—to see her. For the same sort of a reason, when a patient is in a dangerous state, one doctor calls in another—doctor, to hold a consul-tation——

D'Alroy. And then—the patient dies!

Hautree. Tell us all about it. You know I've been away.

D'Alroy. Well, eighteen months ago——

Hautree. Oh, cut that! You told me all that! How you went to the theatre, and saw a girl in the ballet——

D'Alroy. I found her to be an amiable, good girl——

Hautree. Of cawse! Cut *that!* Credit her with all the virtues.

D'Alroy. She works hard to support a drunken father.

Hautree. Oh! father drunken? So—the—ah—father does not inherit the daughter's virtue?

D'Alroy. No! I hate *him!*

Hautree. Quite right.

D'Alroy. She—that is, Esther—is also very good to a younger sister.

Hautree. Younger sister also angelic, amiable, and accomplished?

D'Alroy. Nein! Good enough! Got a temper! Large temper! Well, after some difficulty, I managed to get to speak with her, Esther, to see her to her door——

Hautree. I know. Pastry-cooks, Richmond dinner, and —all that sawt of thing!

D'Alroy. You're too fast, Hautree. Pastry-cooks, yes! Richmond dinners, *no!* The fact is, your knowledge of the world fifty yards around barracks misleads you. I saw her every day. I fell in love, and kept on falling—falling—falling—till I thought I never would reach the bottom. Then I met you.

Hautree. Ya-as. I thought it only an amourette, when you told me. It was a fire—a conflagration. Subdue it. I saw it was a case, and I advised you to try—dissipation.

D'Alroy. I did try dissipation.

Hautree. With what success?

D'Alroy. None! It gave me an aching head and a sore heart!

Hautree. Try foreign travel. Absence makes the heart grow stronger! Get leave, and cut away!

D'Alroy. I did get leave, and cut away. While I was away, I was miserable. I found I was a goner coon than ever.

Hautree. Then what is to be done?

D'Alroy. I don't know. I ask you to come and see her.

Hautree. Now, look here, D'Alroy! Of course you are not so soft as to think of marriage? You know what your mother is—and what she would think of it. You will behave properly—with a proper regard for the world and all that sort of thing—or do the other thing. The-ah girl is nice enough, no doubt, for her station, but you can't dream of making her Mrs. D'Alroy!

D'Alroy. Why not? What's to prevent me?

Hautree. The social laws—so good—of caste! The inexorable laws of caste!

D'Alroy. My dear Art!

Hautree. My dear D'Al! The other sort of thing—the marriages with common people is all very well in novels, and plays on the stage, where the people don't exist. There's no harm done, and it's sometimes interesting. But real people, real mothers, real relations, real connections, in real life, it's quite another matter. It's utter social and personal annihilation!

D'Alroy. As for my mother, I never thought of her.

Hautree. Of course not! Lovers are so beastly selfish.

D'Alroy. My father died when I was three years old, and my mother married before I was six—married a Frenchman.

Hautree. A nobleman of the most ancient family—of

equal blood to her own. She obeyed the laws imposed by caste.

D'Alroy. Caste again! That caused a separation between us. My brother lives abroad and I do not see him. I confess that as to my mother, I—I look upon her with a kind of superstitious awe!

Hautree. Ya-as! She is a sort of Grand Brahman priestess!

D'Alroy. Just so. Now I know I am a fool—I have a thick tongue and a lisp—which makes me appear more of a fool than I am. You are clever, Arthur, perhaps a little *too* clever! You are paying your *devoirs*—I believe that is the correct word—paying your *devoirs* to Florence Carberry, daughter of the countess. She is of higher rank than you. Is she to forget caste?

Hautree. Ah! that argument does not apply!

D'Alroy. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood!"

Hautree. Oh, cut that! If you are a-going to look at it from the point of view of poetry—going off to No-Man's-Land, I won't follow you!

D'Alroy. No gentleman can be ashamed of the woman he loves! Whatever her original station, he raises her to the same position he holds himself!

Hautree. Ya-as! He raises her—*her! But,* her connections—but, her relations! How about them? (*Voice of* ECCLES.) Polly! Polly! Why the (*enters*) devil couldn't you——

Eccles. Mr. D'Alroy, I—I didn't see you. Good-evening, sir! The same to you and many of them!

D'Alroy (*to* HAUTREE). This is the father.

Hautree (*aside*). The drunken father! Ah!

D'Alroy (*to* ECCLES). I suppose Miss Esther and her sister have not yet returned from rehearsal?

Eccles. Not yet, sir. I expec' 'em in every minute. I 'opes you 'ave been quite well since I seed you last?

D'Alroy. Quite, thank you! By-the-bye, this is a friend of mine I took the liberty of bringing with me.

Eccles (*bows*). Any friend of the Honourable Mr. D'Alroy—I'm sure!

D'Alroy. And how have you been, Mr. Eccles?

Eccles. Well, sir (*sighs*), I haven't been the thing at all. My 'ealth and spirits is broke. I'm not the man I used to be—I'm not accustomed to this sort of life. Ah! gentlemen, I'm a man what has seen better days—most like gone for ever! It's a drefful thing for a man at my time of life to look back on better days gone most like for ever!

D'Alroy. I dessay.

Eccles. Once proud and prosperous, now poor and lowly! Once a 'spectable tradesman, I am forced by the pressure of succumstances over which I have no control, to seek for work and not to find it.

D'Alroy. I dessay.

Eccles. But the poor and lowly is hoften 'ardly used. What chance has a working-man?

Hautree (*aside*). None—when he won't work!

Eccles. I'm sorry, gentlemen, I can't offer you any refreshments. Ah! luxury and me has long been strangers—long been strangers!

D'Alroy. Sorry to hear your misfortunes, Mr. Eccles!

Eccles. Ah, sir! I've had many on 'em—many on 'em!

D'Alroy (*offers* ECCLES *coin*). Perhaps you will permit me to offer you a trifling loan?

Eccles. You're a gentleman, Mr. D'Alroy! a *real* gen-

tleman! Hanybody can tell a real gentleman with 'alf a sovereign—I mean, with 'alf an heye! A real gentleman and understands the nateral emotions of the working-man! Poverty—poverty's a thing that should be encouraged! And pride should be put down by the—the strong hand of pecooniary necessity! Thank 'eavens, we are all equal in mind and feelings!

Hautree (*aside*). I should hope not.

Eccles (*abruptly*). I've a neighbour I want to speak to awaitin' for me houtside. The gals'll be in presently. Sorry to leave you, gentlemen—sorry to leave you!

D'Alroy. Don't mention it!

Eccles. But business is business! Good-evening, gentlemen! Good-evening, gentlemen, good-evening! (*Exit.*)

Hautree (*railing*). So this is Papa Eccles! But "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Poor old boy! I wonder what the most noble your mother the Marquise de St. Maur would think of Papa Eccles!—"*Caste.*"

Matthew Arnold

About Compulsory Education

"BUT," continued Arminius, "you were talking of compulsory education, and your common people's want of it. Now, my dear friend, I want you to understand what this principle of compulsory education really means. It means that to insure, as far as you can, every man's being fit for his business in life, you put education as a bar, or condition, between him and what he aims at. The principle is just as good for one class as another, and it is only by applying it impartially that you save its application from being insolent and invidious. Our Prussian peasant stands our compelling him to instruct himself before he may go about his calling, because he sees we believe in instruction, and compel our own class, too, in a way to make it really feel the pressure, to instruct itself before it may go about its calling. Now, you propose to make old Diggs's boys instruct themselves before they may go bird-scaring or sheep-tending. I want to know what you do to make those three worthies in that justice-room instruct themselves before they may go acting as magistrates and judges."

"Do?" said I. "Why, just look what they have done all of themselves. Lumpington and Hittall have had a public-school and university education; Bottles has had Dr. Silver-pump's, and the practical training of business. What on earth would you have us make them do more?"

"Qualify themselves for administrative or judicial functions, if they exercise them," said Arminius. "That is what

really answers, in their case, to the compulsion you propose to apply to Diggs's boys. Sending Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall to school is nothing; the natural course of things takes them there. Don't suppose that, by doing this, you are applying the principle of compulsory education fairly, and as you apply it to Diggs's boys. You are not interposing, for the rich, education as a bar or condition between them and that which they aim at. But interpose it, as we do, between the rich and things they aim at, and I will say something to you. I should like to know what has made Lord Lumpington a magistrate?"

"Made Lord Lumpington a magistrate?" said I. "Why, the Lumpington estate, to be sure."

"And the Rev. Esau Hittall?" continued Arminius.

"Why, the Lumpington living, of course," said I.

"And that man Bottles?" he went on.

"His English energy and self-reliance," I answered very stiffly, for Arminius's incessant carping began to put me in a huff, "those same incomparable and truly British qualities which have just triumphed over every obstacle and given us the Atlantic telegraph! And let me tell you, Von T., in my opinion it will be a long time before the *Geist* of any pedant of a Prussian professor gives us anything half so valuable as that."

"Pshaw!" replied Arminius contemptuously, "that great rope, with a Philistine at each end of it talking inutilities! But in my country," he went on, "we should have begun to put a pressure on these future magistrates at school. Before we allowed Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall to go to the university at all, we should have examined them, and we should not have trusted the keepers of that absurd cockpit you took me down to see, to examine them as they chose,

and send them jogging comfortably off to the university on their lame longs and shorts. No; there would have been some Mr. Grote as school-board commissary, pitching into them questions about history, and some Mr. Lowe, as crown-patronage commissary, pitching into them questions about English literature; and these young men would have been kept from the university, as Diggs's boys are kept from their bird-scaring, till they had instructed themselves. Then, if, after three years of their university, they wanted to be magistrates, another pressure—a great civil-service examination before a board of experts, an examination in English law, Roman law, English history, history of jurisprudence——"

"A most abominable liberty to take with Lumpington and Hittall!" exclaimed I.

"Then your compulsory education is a most abominable liberty to take with Diggs's boys," retorted Arminius.

"But, good gracious! my dear Arminius," expostulated I, "do you really mean to maintain that a man can't put old Diggs in quod for snaring a hare without all this elaborate apparatus of Roman law and history of jurisprudence?"

"And do you really mean to maintain," returned Arminius, "that a man can't go bird-scaring or sheep-tending without all this elaborate apparatus of a compulsory school?"

"Oh, but," I answered, "to live at all, even at the lowest stage of human life, a man needs instruction."

"Well," returned Arminius, "and to administer at all, even at the lowest stage of public administration, a man needs instruction."

"We have never found it so," said I.

Arminius shrugged his shoulders and was silent. By this time the proceedings in the justice-room were drawn to an end, the majesty of the law had been vindicated against old

Diggs, and the three magistrates were coming out. Lord Lumpington was the first. His lordship good-naturedly recognised me with a nod, and then eyeing Arminius with surprise and curiosity—"Whom on earth have you got there?" he whispered.

"A very distinguished young Prussian *savant*," replied I. And then dropping my voice, in my most impressive undertones I added, "And a young man of very good family, besides, my lord."

Lord Lumpington looked at Arminius again, smiled, shook his head, and then, turning away, and half-aloud, "Can't compliment you on your friend," says he.

As for that centaur, the Rev. Esau Hittall, who thinks of nothing on earth but field-sports, and in the performance of his sacred duties never warms up except when he lights on some passage about hunting or fowling, he always, whenever he meets me, remembers that in my unregenerate days, before Arminius inoculated me with a passion for intellect, I was rather fond of shooting, and not quite such a successful shot as Hittall himself. So, the moment he catches sight of me—"How d'ye do, old fellow?" he blurts out. "Well, been shooting any straighter this year than you used to, eh?"

I turned from him in pity, and then I noticed Arminius, who had unluckily heard Lord Lumpington's unfavourable comment on him, absolutely purple with rage and blowing like a turkey-cock. "Never mind, Arminius," said I soothingly; "run after Lumpington, and ask him the square root of thirty-six."

But now it was my turn to be a little annoyed, for at the same instant Mr. Bottles stepped into his brougham, which was waiting for him, and observing Arminius, his old enemy of the Reigate train, he took no notice whatever of

me who stood there, with my hat in my hand, practising all the airs and graces I have learnt on the Continent. But, with that want of amenity I so often have to deplore in my countrymen, he pulled up the glass on our side with a grunt and a jerk, and drove off like the wind, leaving Arminius in a very bad temper indeed, and me, I confess, a good deal shocked and mortified.—*"Friendship's Garland."*

Thomas Hughes

"Cribs" An Institution of Providence

After breakfast, Tom, East, and Gower met as usual to learn their second lesson together. Tom had been considering how to break his proposal of giving up the crib to the others, and having found no better way (as, indeed, none better can ever be found by man or boy), told them simply what had happened: how he had been to see Arthur, who had talked to him upon the subject, and what he had said, and how for his part he had made up his mind, and wasn't going to use cribs any more. Not being quite sure of his ground, he took the high and pathetic tone, and was proceeding to say, "how that, having his lessons with them for so many years, it would grieve him much to put an end to the arrangement, and that he hoped at any rate if they wouldn't go on with him, they should still be just as good friends, and respect one another's motives—but——"

Here the other boys, who had been listening with open eyes and ears, burst in.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Gower. "Here, East, get down the crib and find the place."

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy!" said East, proceeding to do as he was bidden, "that it should ever have come to this! I knew Arthur'd be the ruin of you some day, and you of me. And now the time's come." And he made a doleful face.

"I don't know about ruin," answered Tom. "I know that

you and I would have had the sack long ago, if it hadn't been for him. And you know it as well as I."

"Well, we were in a baddish way before he came, I own; but this new crotchet of his is past a joke."

"Let's give it a trial, Harry; come—you know how often he has been right and we wrong."

"Now, don't you two be jawing away about young Square-toes," struck in Gower. "He's no end of a sucking wiseacre, I dare say; but we've no time to lose, and I've got the fives'-court at half-past nine."

"I say, Gower," said Tom appealingly, "be a good fellow, and let's try if we can't get on without the crib."

"What! in this chorus? Why, we sha'n't get through ten lines."

"I say, Tom," cried East, having hit on a new idea, "don't you remember, when we were in the upper fourth, and old Momus caught me construing off the leaf of a crib which I'd torn out and put in my book, and which would float out on to the floor, he sent me up to be flogged for it?"

"Yes, I remember it very well."

"Well, the doctor, after he'd flogged me, told me himself that he didn't flog me for using a translation, but for taking it into lesson, and using it there when I hadn't learnt a word before I came in. He said there was no harm in using a translation to get a clew to hard passages, if you tried all you could first to make them out without."

"Did he, though?" said Tom. "Then Arthur must be wrong."

"Of course he is," said Gower, "the little prig. We'll only use the crib when we can't construe without it. Go ahead, East."

And on this agreement they started—Tom, satisfied with

having made his confession, and not sorry to have a *locus pœnitentiæ*, and not to be deprived altogether of the use of his old and faithful friend.

The boys went on as usual, each taking a sentence in turn, and the crib being handed to the one whose turn it was to construe. Of course Tom couldn't object to this, as, was it not simply lying there to be appealed to in case the sentence should prove too hard altogether for the construer? But it must be owned that Gower and East did not make very tremendous exertions to conquer their sentences before having recourse to its help. Tom, however, with the most heroic virtue and gallantry, rushed into his sentence, searching in a high-minded manner for nominative and verb, and turning over his dictionary frantically for the first hard word that stopped him. But in the meantime Gower, who was bent on getting to fives, would peep quietly into the crib and then suggest, "Don't you think this is the meaning? I think you must take it this way, Brown." And as Tom didn't see his way to not profiting by these suggestions, the lesson went on about as quickly as usual, and Gower was able to start for the fives'-court within five minutes of the half-hour.

When Tom and East were left face to face, they looked at one another for a minute, Tom puzzled and East chock-full of fun, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, Tom," said East, recovering himself, "I don't see any objection to the new way. It's about as good as the old one, I think, besides the advantage it gives one of feeling virtuous, and looking down on one's neighbours."

Tom shoved his hand into his back hair. "I ain't so sure," said he. "You two fellows carried me off my legs; I don't think we really tried one sentence fairly. Are you sure you remember what the doctor said to you?"

"Yes. And I'll swear I couldn't make out one of my sentences to-day. No, nor ever could. I really don't remember," said East, speaking slowly and impressively, "to have come across one Latin or Greek sentence this half that I could go and construe by the light of nature. Whereby I am sure Providence intended cribs to be used."

"The thing to find out," said Tom meditatively, "is how long one ought to grind at a sentence without looking at the crib. Now I think if one fairly looks out all the words one don't know, and then can't hit it, that's enough."

"To be sure, Tommy," said East demurely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Your new doctrine, too, old fellow," added he, "when one comes to think of it, is a cutting at the root of all school morality. You'll take away mutual help, brotherly love, or, in the vulgar tongue, giving construes, which I hold to be one of our highest virtues. For how can you distinguish between getting a construe from another boy, and using a crib? Hang it, Tom, if you're going to deprive all our schoolfellows of the chance of exercising Christian benevolence and being good Samaritans, I shall cut the concern."

"I wish you wouldn't joke about it, Harry; it's hard enough to see one's way, a precious sight harder than I thought last night. But I suppose there's a use and an abuse of both, and one'll get straight enough somehow. But you can't make out anyhow that one has a right to use old vulgus-books and copy-books."

"Hullo, more heresy! How fast a fellow goes down-hill when he once gets his head before his legs. Listen to me, Tom. Not use old vulgus-books? Why, you Goth, ain't we to take the benefit of the wisdom, and admire and use the work of past generations? Not use old copy-books?

Why, you might as well say we ought to pull down Westminster Abbey, and put up a go-to-meeting-shop with church-warden windows; or never read Shakespeare, but only Sheridan Knowles. Think of all the work and labour that our predecessors have bestowed on these very books—and are we to make their work of no value?"

"I say, Harry, please don't chaff; I'm really serious."

"And then, is it not our duty to consult the pleasure of others rather than our own, and above all that of our masters? Fancy, then, the difference to them in looking over a vulgus which has been carefully touched and retouched by themselves and others, and which must bring them a sort of dreamy pleasure, as if they'd met the thought or expression of it somewhere or another—before they were born, perhaps; and that of cutting up, and making picture-frames round all your and my false quantities, and other monstrosities. Why, Tom, you wouldn't be so cruel as never to let old Momus hum over the 'O genus humanum' again, and then look up doubtingly through his spectacles, and end by smiling and giving three extra marks for it—just for old sake's sake, I suppose."

"Well," said Tom, getting up in something as like a huff as he was capable of, "it's deuced hard that when a fellow's really trying to do what he ought his best friends'll do nothing but chaff him and try to put him down." And he stuck his books under his arm and his hat on his head, preparatory to rushing out into the quadrangle, to testify with his own soul of the faithlessness of friendships.

—*"Tom Brown's School-Days."*

C. S. Calverly

Changed

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd;
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont;
I only know that as a fact,
I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
Buoyant and blithe as other folk;
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burned.
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay; I nearly learned
To shake.
All day I sang; of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now;
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.
I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon;
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

C. S. Calverly

The sports to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more;
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I seem of late
To shrink from happy boyhood. Boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me when the beech is green
By swarming up its stem for eggs;
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs;
It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrow-root, and go
To bed.

—*"Fly Leaves."*

Ode to Tobacco

Thou, who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is gray,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit:
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless except to roast—
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives),
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours.
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?

C. S. Calverly

We're not as tabbies are.
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

—*"Fly Leaves."*

Flight

Oh, memory! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little deeming thou e'er couldst behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it for ever, my splendid,
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
My hair when the notion occurred;
I know that I felt myself blushing
As I thought, "How supremely absurd!
How they'll hammer on floor and on table
As its drollery dawns on them! How
They will quote it!" I wish I were able
To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
To the subject—it's easily done—
Then let off, as an airy creation
Of the moment, that masterly pun—

Let it off with a flash like a rocket's,
  In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
While I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
    The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
  And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws,
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles
  His mode of expressing applause;
While Jean Bottleby—queenly Miss Janet—
  Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
In fits at my slyness. What can it
    Have all been about?

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
  Combination of pathos and fun;
But I've got no idea—the faintest—
  Of what was the actual pun.
I think it was somehow connected
  With something I'd recently read—
Or heard—or perhaps recollected
    On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard,*
  "Double Bigamy," "Speech of the mayor,"
And later—eh? Yes, I meandered
  Through some chapters of "Vanity Fair."
How it fuses the grave with the festive!
  Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine,
So playfully, subtly suggestive,
    As that joke of mine.

C. S. Calverly

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder"?
No, I don't part my hair with my brush.
Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!
Stop a bit—I shall think of it—hush!
There's *hare,* a wild animal. Stuff!
It was something a deal more recondite,
Of that I am certain enough—
And of nothing beyond it.

Hair—*locks!* There are probably many
Good things to be said about those.
Give me time—that's the best guess of any.
"Lock" has several meanings, one knows.
Iron locks—*iron-gray locks*—a "deadlock"
That would set up an every-day wit.
Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock,"
But that wasn't it.

No! Mine was a joke for the ages,
Full of intricate meaning and pith,
A feast for your scholars and sages—
How it would have rejoiced Sydney Smith!
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal,
And, singling him out from the herd,
Fling wide immortality's portal.
But what was the word?

'Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavour.
As the flight of a bird of the air
Is the flight of a joke—you will never
See the same one again, you may swear.

'Twas my first-born, and oh! how I prized it!
My darling, my treasure, my own!
This brain and none other devised it—
And now it has flown.

—*"Verses."*

Georgiana Craik

A Quarrelsome Little Dog and a Cross Little Cat

"Get out of the way," said a little fat dog, as he came near the fire.

"I shall not get out of your way," said the white puss, who had got the best place first. "Do you keep out of my way."

"You are as bad a cat as ever I saw!" cried the dog in a rage.

The dog's name was Bow-Wow.

"I am not half so bad a cat as you are a dog," said Mew-Mew.

Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew were a very young dog and cat. They did not know how to be good. No one had told them. They did not use kind words the one to the other. They led a sad life and were cross all day long. Bow-Wow said that Mew-Mew was idle, vain, and cross, and of no use to any one. And Mew-Mew said of Bow-Wow that he was only fit to bark, that he was all for himself, and ever in the way. Thus they used to go on all day. It was quite a treat when they fell asleep. That was the only time that there was peace with them.

Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew did not love each other. But you must know that they did not find good in any one thing. All was bad alike to them. They did not like the house they lived in; they did not like the lady they lived with; nor the food they had to eat. They said they did not have what

it was good for them to eat or to drink. Bow-Wow wanted other little dogs about the place, so that he could have a good game of play. Mew-Mew sat with her eyes half-shut for hours, to think what a shame it was no other cat ever came to see her.

"Now if I had a real home," Mew-Mew would say, "I would have a lot of young ones in it. I would have a fire in every room, a cup of warm milk on each floor; and all the meat in the house should be cut up into little bits. And I would kill Bow-Wow and all the dogs that came near my house."

Mew-Mew would think of such a life till she grew quite glad; she would begin to purr, and so sing herself off to sleep.

"Did ever any one see such a cat?" Bow-Wow said, when Mew-Mew acted in this way. "She sings as if she were out of her wits. I have seen much in my life"—he was quite young—"but I have never seen so silly a cat as Mew-Mew is."

Then he would go to Mew-Mew and give her a blow on the side of her head to wake her up. Mew-Mew would spring up like a shot. And if Bow-Wow did not take to his heels with all his might, which he most often did, Mew-Mew would use her paws in such a way as to make him wish he had left her to have her sleep out.

—*"Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew."*

James Payn

A Mediæval Mistake

But few of my readers can, I conclude, remember the "Young England" days, when there was an attempt made to revive in this country some fine old mediæval customs. Certain high-souled individuals who shall be nameless—though some of them have made great names for themselves in the interim, under very unexpected circumstances—conceived that they had actually put their fingers upon that illusory date "the good old times," and would fain have galvanised them back to life:

"They revived all usages thoroughly worn out,
The souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn out,"

and even got up a tournament. A few old fellows still remember it, with poor Theodore Hook's joke upon Sir Campbell of Saddel, who, more by good luck than good guidance of his adversary's lance, was somehow "thrown out of his family seat." It was the "Renaissance period," of Yule-logs and happy tenantries—whose bread, however, was not cheap—and it was hoped by certain noble enthusiasts that condescension and patronage would lose all unpleasantness, and indeed fail to be recognised under the guise of a paternal feudalism.

It was a failure of course; no one can "revive the mastodon"—a circumstance for which those who, like myself, find mere bulls sufficiently alarming, have reason to be grate-

ful. But though the scheme fairly glittered with tinsel and gewgaws, and was much too gorgeously advertised, it was not all pinchbeck; or at all events some of those who believed in it had about them the ring of the true metal—albeit a little cracked.

Among the nobility, and in certain great houses in the country, hospitality was revived upon the most extensive scale, and in some cases so splendidly, that it made almost as great a hole in the estates of the family as though it had taken to mining. Oxen were roasted whole where formerly the guest only got his mutton cutlet, and instead of a kitchen range there was a bonfire.

Frank Selwyn, a young medical friend of mine at that time, used to speak in high terms of this mediæval revival, because he foresaw that one of its consequences, if generally carried out, would be a universal indigestion.

With plenty, however, it was held necessary for historical consistency to mix discomfort.

It was said that the Marquis of Millefleurs (who had the best Norman blood in Yorkshire) had discarded gas and even colza, and had his dining-room lit by men in steel with flambeaux; and that Lord de Bœuf slept on an ivory couch between the blankets and without night-gear, because that was the mode in the Middle Ages.

Frank Selwyn, however, knew nothing of the doings of these great people, except by report. He was of good family, but they were not good enough to indulge in these eccentricities without the risk of being shut up as lunatics; and even if he had had a taste that way himself, he wanted his money for a very modern use indeed—namely, to buy a practice with in London. At six-and-twenty he purchased a partnership with old Dr. Dalrymple, of Brown Street, Park

Lane, who attended some of the first folks in the land, and never took a fee from an untitled person without being fully persuaded that he could afford it. His notions were of the old school; he dosed and bled his noble patients till they were like "the ruined shells of hollow towers," and then he built them up again and filled them out with beef-steaks and port wine. He had, indeed, no fancy for this new fashion of old fashions—no doctor is a fanatic, it may be observed, in anything but medicine and surgery—but as some of his clients were addicted to it, he looked upon the weakness with a very charitable eye.

"It is not enough nowadays to take things as we find them, my dear Selwyn," he would say good-humouredly, "but as we used to find them. If a patient thinks a fumigation of boiled hollyhock and fennel will do him good because his ancestor in King John's time used it, let him be fumigated. Never cross a patient in little things. Lord Vavasour thinks there is nothing like gold for his system because Galen speaks of it as a fine old remedy. In a general way—that is, to the general practitioner—this might be dangerous, because, once in the system, gold remains there, and one must wait for the post-mortem to get it out again; but with our patients we always see our money back. Therefore, give them gold."

Whatever Selwyn may have thought of Dr. Dalrymple professionally, he had no doubt of his wisdom as a man of the world, and was quite willing to profit by it. Moreover, his own conscience was not burdened by adopting these abnormal modes of treatment, since his practice lay among the middle class of patients—who were rarely bitten by this mania—while his principal kept the bigwigs for himself. But on one occasion Dr. Dalrymple fell a victim to the very

malady which it was his chief office to cure in others—the gout. It was his own impression that he caught it of some of his patients. He felt certain, living so moderately as he did, with only a glass or two of Madeira at luncheon, and one bottle of wholesome port, "without a headache in a hogshead of it"—after dinner, that he couldn't have got it in any other way. Claret, indeed, he took with his meals in considerable quantities, and his feeding was rather extensive, considering that he never set foot on the ground save from his brougham to his client's door; but then he never touched beer (because he didn't like it), and what business has a man to get the gout who does not touch beer?

His reasoning was sound enough, no doubt; but still he got the gout, and in both feet. And while in that abject condition an express arrived from Lord de Bracy, of Donjon Towers, to request his immediate attendance. It was, of course, impossible that he could move, so he sent for Selwyn.

"My dear friend," he said, "you must be off into Kent at once; his lordship has the rheum."

"The what?" inquired Selwyn.

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know his peculiarities. Lord de Bracy is about twenty-four generations behind his time. He ought to have been born—I mean, to have flourished (that's the word)—in the thirteenth century. It is generally the young people who take up with these notions, but there is no fool like an old fool, and De Bracy has been bitten by them. You will find everything about him but his daughters—for they're young and charming—mediæval. And whatever you do, take care that you keep a grave face. You're a capital fellow, you know, but a little—shall I say skittish? At Donjon Towers skittishness would be fatal. If you make

a joke down there, it must be in Latin; and not in good Latin either; it must be monkish."

"And will Lord de Bracy really talk about his rheum, sir?" inquired Selwyn.

"Good Heavens! of course he will. You will surely be serious when prescribing for him. I take it for granted that professional feeling will enable you to withstand any temptation to the contrary. He is the proudest man in England —the very proudest."

"My dear Dr. Dalrymple, not a smile shall pass my lips," said Selwyn confidently.

"Pass them? I hope not; nor ever reach them. I am afraid you are too young, my dear sir; I tremble for what may happen. Upon my life, if you were to laugh at him, I don't know to what lengths he might not go; he believes he has feudal rights, and may hang you. At all events, we should lose our best patient."

"Indeed, sir," pleaded Selwyn, "you may rely on me. I will be as cautious as though I were brushing flies off a sleeping Venus."

"Heavens, what a simile!" murmured the doctor to himself; "he is certainly very young. However, we must take our chance."

"I had better start at once, I suppose?" said the junior partner.

"Certainly. I have ordered the carriage and posters on. You are doing double work now and have no time to lose. His lordship will give you a bed, of course; he is the very soul of hospitality. It is like a page out of 'Ivanhoe' to dine with him. He will treat you with the utmost consideration, you may be sure of that. But you must return from the Towers the first thing in the morning."

"You may depend upon that, sir; I shall be glad enough to get away, I'm sure."

Dr. Dalrymple shook his head; that was not the frame of mind, he thought, in which a medical man should start upon a professional visit. Still, though Selwyn was young and impulsive, and much too "natural," not to say honest, for a fashionable physician, he knew he had plenty of common-sense, and to that he trusted.

Within half an hour Dr. Selwyn (for he had got his diploma) was whirling down the Old Kent Road in a carriage-and-four.

The evening had not fallen when he came in sight of Donjon Towers. The edifice stood on a hill, and, being of great magnitude, could be seen as far off as Windsor Castle. The park, through which the private road led, seemed as though it would never end; and when he reached the last avenue of stately oaks, such was its length that it appeared to meet ahead of him, and bar his progress after all.

"This is tremendous," thought Selwyn; "but I much prefer the villa residences in the Regent's Park."

The court-yard in front of the mansion could have accommodated the whole Household troops, and the stone steps that led to it were of an extent that suggested steppes in Siberia.

Two lackeys descended them as he drove up, and another stood at the top of them who received him with a profound obeisance. The former were draped in russet with linen girdles, the latter in broadcloth of curious cut, but it was not livery; in the hall a groom-of-the-chambers at once took him up to his room; such, he said, being his master's orders when guests came off a journey. From this it seemed, since Selwyn had mentioned his errand, that his lordship's malady was not of a very pressing nature.

The apartment into which he was ushered would have contained his own little house in Bayswater, roof and all, but it lacked its cheerfulness. The floor was of polished oak, and the walls were tapestried; the bed seemed several stories high, and had a canopy of black velvet. "In such a bed, if one cannot sleep," thought poor Selwyn, "one could be very suitably interred."

Having put on his dinner-clothes, the groom-of-the-chambers led him to his master's presence.

His lordship was in the library, and, as the doctor entered, rose and advanced three steps to meet him. He was a tall pale man of aristocratic appearance, with snow-white hair and beard, but inclining to corpulence.

"I am sorry that Dr. Dalrymple is indisposed," said he very civilly, though with great stateliness of manner; "but I am nevertheless pleased to make the acquaintance of his substitute."

Selwyn bowed his thanks, and at once inquired what ailed his lordship.

"The old malady," answered Lord de Bracy solemnly, "the rheum."

"Umph—ah," returned Selwyn, looking as wise as he could, and full of sympathy.

"It is accompanied this time," continued his lordship, "by ill-humours in the head. I have tried tansy pudding, which is generally soverayne against it, but without effect."

"Are you sure you have taken nothing to disturb the digestion, my lord—no unusual food, for example?"

"I had some peacock for lunch yesterday; but nothing—you may read it in Chaucer—is more wholesome; all my family eat peacock. On the other hand, I must confess that I had boiled veal for dinner."

"I don't think that would have hurt you any *more* than the peacock," said Selwyn gravely.

"It was, however, served with verjuice, a most capital sauce, and greatly admired by our ancestors—but my system seems to reject it."

"I think it was very possibly the verjuice," observed Selwyn.

"I have done all that the wisdom of our ancestors has recommended," continued his lordship. "I have had a hole made in my night-cap to carry off the ill-humours, and have always lain on my left side. I have chewed mastic before going to rest, and I have resisted all temptation to sleep after a full meal, especially of porpoise."

"Do you eat much porpoise?" inquired Selwyn.

"No; I am sorry to say it is very difficult to obtain; the prejudices of modern days have almost prohibited it as an article of consumption. You have no personal objection to porpoise, I trust, Dr. Selwyn?"

"Not the least, my lord. I approve of it myself no less than I do of peacock."

"I am delighted to find Dr. Dalrymple has so intelligent a partner; in country places, such as this, I find the most obstinate objections on the part of medical men to the most simple food, unless it happens to be of modern acceptance."

"Your appetite is tolerably good, my lord?"

"Yes, indeed. You shall judge for yourself, however; there strikes the dinner-hour. You shall give me your advice in the evening."

A noise equal to a flourish of trumpets had been going on for some minutes, and there now entered a major-domo with a long white wand, who ushered his master and his guest

through two lines of serving-men, into the banquet-hall. Covers were laid but for two persons, which rather disappointed the young doctor. The earl, he knew, was a widower, but he had hoped to meet some of his daughters, who had a great reputation for beauty.

The repast, however, was a sufficiently notable one to make up for the absence of company.

There were a great many servants, each with a towel round his neck as well as on his arm, and the dishes they brought in—which were enough for ten times the number of guests —were wonderful. There were no *plats* such as might be expected at a nobleman's table who kept a French cook; all was solid and huge. Pea-soup and frumenty were brought in in great silver tureens. Then lampreys with onions, a dish of which his lordship partook so plentifully as to remind his guest of a certain historical association with it, and also to suggest a very reasonable explanation of his "humours." There was a baron of beef, of course; and then a cygnet served with liver sauce. And here, the larger dishes having come to an end, a curious difference was made in the waiting. All the male servitors disappeared, and were succeeded by four neat-handed and pretty girls in a sort of white-and-blue uniform made of some old-fashioned material. The first delicacy they served Selwyn with was a beaver's tail; and he almost fancied that the extreme caution he manifested in taking the first morsel induced one of them—the prettiest —to smile. Lord de Bracy ate of this very heartily, and washed it down with ypocras, a drink spiced (as Selwyn was afterward informed) with cinnamon and heliotrope, but at all events with something very nasty. After this there was kid and ginger sauce, and a curlew with salt and sugar. And then came the "sutiltees," as they were termed: sweets

(or "devices"), pretty substantial castles of pie-crust or sweetmeats—to all which the noble host did such justice as to leave the origin of his maladies in no doubt. Then to the sideboard, groaning with gold plate, the waiting-maids brought two silver basins full of rose-water, wherein their lord and the doctor dipped their hands, and dinner at last was over.

The effect of lampreys and beavers' tails, when accompanied by ypocras in any quantity, is somnolence, and Lord de Bracy seemed by no means inclined for conversation. So, after half-an-hour's "bald disjointed chat," Selwyn wrote out his prescription, and bade his noble host good-night upon the plea that he had to start for town next morning at a very early hour. He did not sleep particularly well; he dreamt that he was being put to death by the Swanhoppers' Company—this was the cygnet and liver sauce, no doubt—for killing a curlew; and was glad enough to wake and find himself in a century when the laws are not so severe. It was quite a relief to him, too, to remember that his host would not be up to breakfast with him and see him off; for though he had been treated with the utmost hospitality, Lord de Bracy's society was on the whole oppressive, and he had by no means enjoyed his visit to Donjon Towers. It was an interesting experience, no doubt, but that is often a matter less pleasant in action than to talk about afterward. He had had to act a part from first to last, to restrain all natural expressions of impatience or incredulity; and, in short, he was pining for fresh air.

He could but toy with the boar's head that was the *pièce de résistance* upon the sideboard, and declined with unhesitating frankness the cup of mead that was offered him by one of the serving-men. When his carriage was announced,

he was following the groom-of-the-chambers who had come up to his room for his portmanteau, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a pretty housemaid. It was the prettiest—the dark one—of the girls that had waited at table, and she had been doubtless watching outside his door, as servants will do, even in the best conducted households, for a little present. Nay, in all probability, in Donjon Towers the old system of "vails" was in full operation, and he felt (considering, too, how pretty she was) that he could hardly give her less than gold. He took, therefore, half a sovereign from his purse, and seeing her smile roguishly as he did so, and also that the groom was well out of sight, he accompanied the gift with a chuck under the chin. It was not right of him, of course; but the delight of getting away from that tremendous mansion (as he subsequently explained) no doubt put him in abnormally high spirits. At all events, he did it; and as she only blushed, and didn't say a word, he flattered himself that he had done rather a handsome thing in a pleasant fashion.

As to the whole visit, he felt indeed that he had acquitted himself, under very trying circumstances, exceedingly well, and had made a good impression.

He found Dr. Dalrymple not much improved in health, the fact being, as he confessed, that he had been in considerable anxiety as to the result of his young partner's visit to the Towers.

"Well, and how did it all go off?" was his first question.

"Oh, capitally; nothing could have been kinder than his lordship, but he's very heavy in hand."

"Ah, you found out that!" returned the other, rubbing his hands. "I have attended him these twenty years. Certainly one ought to be well paid, when one has to dine—eh—

and listen to a patient out of the way of business. Well, and how is his rheum, as he calls it?"

"Well, I'd much sooner have his rheum than his company," said Selwyn, laughing. "The fact is, there is nothing at all the matter with him but over-eating. And such things, too, porpoises and peacocks!"

"Ah, I've eaten porpoise at the Towers," sighed the old doctor, with the air of one who recalls a self-sacrifice.

"I dare say it is no worse than a beaver's tail," protested Selwyn. "However, it was a very interesting dinner. After the big things had been disposed of, the serving-men retired, and——"

"And then the girls came in!" interrupted the old doctor excitedly. "That always happens when you dine at the Towers for the first time. It's his lordship's notion of doing the honours of hospitality—borrowed from the time of Edward the Confessor, I believe. The ladies of the family wait on the guest."

"The ladies of the family!" reiterated Selwyn, aghast with horror. "Do you mean to say those four girls in blue and white were Lord de Bracy's daughters?"

"Of course they were; did you think they were housemaids?"

Selwyn answered nothing, though he was quite certain he had taken at least one of them for such.

"Well, I wonder you did not see they had an aristocratic air. Perhaps I ought to have told you how it would be, beforehand. However, De Bracy will like you all the better for taking the thing as a matter of course. Some men will jump up and hand the dishes themselves, because it distresses them to be waited on in that way; but it is better to fall in with the host's fancy."

"Do you remember," gasped poor Selwyn, "what was the name of the darkest of the young ladies?"

"Of course I do; you've a sharp eye, you young dog! She's the youngest, and the beauty—Lady Ermengarde. They tell me that, when not playing at being mediæval, she is full of fun. I hope you are not 'hit,' because she is a *leetle* above you, my dear Selwyn. Perhaps the best blood in all England."

And nevertheless Frank had given her half a sovereign, and chucked her under the chin!

For weeks he was in expectation of some terrible vengeance overtaking him at the hands of reckless minions of feudalism, but, as it happened, nothing was done. It would have been an immense relief to his mind to have known that Lady Ermengarde Plantagenet had some humour (not of the sort for which her noble father took tansy pudding), and that she had taken his mistake in excellent part. She was accustomed to wear for years upon her *châtelaine,* in company with many less useful articles, a certain half-sovereign with a hole through it, the history of which she would never reveal. It was a present, she said, from a young gentleman. But, though Lord de Bracy had the rheum again and again (he eventually died of it), and sent for Dr. Dalrymple many times, always with the polite proviso that, if it should be inconvenient for the doctor, his junior partner would be equally acceptable, Frank Selwyn never again set foot in Donjon Towers.—*"High Spirits."*

C. L. Dodgson—"Lewis Carroll"

The Cheshire Cat

ALICE was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought. Still, it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name. However, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on, "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-bye, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but

it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself. "The March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat. And this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"—*"Alice in Wonderland."*

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

C. L. Dodgson

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
    And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
    And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
    He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
    He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
    And the mome raths outgrabe.

—*"Through the Looking-Glass."*

The Bellman's Speech

"FRIENDS, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!"
  (They were all of them fond of quotations;
So they drank to his health, and they gave him three cheers,
  While he served out additional rations.)

"We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks—
Four weeks to the month you may mark—
But never as yet—'tis your Captain who speaks—
Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark!

"We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days—
Seven days to the week I allow—
But a Snark, on the which we might lovingly gaze,
We have never beheld till now!

"Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted genuine Snarks.

"Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp,
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavour of Will-o'-the-wisp.

"Its habit of getting up late you'll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five-o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

"The third is its slowness in taking a jest.
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed,
And it always looks grave at a pun.

C. L. Dodgson

"The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines,
Which it constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

"The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch,
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,
From those that have whiskers, and scratch.

"For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet I feel it my duty to say
Some are Boojums—" The Bellman broke off in alarm,
For the Baker had fainted away.

—*"The Hunting of the Snark."*

R. L. Stevenson

Pinkerton, Artist and Optimist

PINKERTON'S parents were from the old country; there, too, I incidentally gathered, he had himself been born, though it was a circumstance he seemed prone to forget. Whether he had run away, or his father had turned him out, I never fathomed; but about the age of twelve he was thrown upon his own resources. A travelling tin-type photographer had picked him up, like a hen out of a hedgerow, on a wayside in New Jersey; took a fancy to the urchin; carried him on with him in his wandering life; taught him all he knew himself—to take tin-types (as well as I can make out)—and doubt the Scriptures; and died at last in Ohio, at the corner of a road. "He was a grand specimen!" cried Pinkerton. "I wish you could have seen him, Mr. Dodd. He had an appearance of magnanimity that used to remind me of the patriarchs." On the death of this random protector, the boy inherited the plant, and continued the business. "It was a life I could have chosen, Mr. Dodd!" he cried. "I have been in all the finest scenes of that magnificent continent that we were born to be the heirs of. I wish you could see my collection of tin-types; I wish I had them here. They were taken for my own pleasure and to be a memento, and they show nature in her grandest as well as her gentlest moments."

As he tramped the Western States and Territories, taking tin-types, the boy was continually getting hold of books, good, bad, and indifferent, popular and abstruse, from the

novels of Sylvanus Cobb to "Euclid's Geometry," both of which I found (to my almost equal wonder) he had managed to peruse. He was taking stock, by the way, of the people, the products, and the country, with an eye unusually observant and a memory unusually retentive; and he was collecting for himself a body of magnanimous and semi-intellectual nonsense, which he supposed to be the natural thoughts, and to contain the whole duty, of the born American. To be pure-minded, to be patriotic, to get culture and money with both hands and with the same irrational fervour —these appeared to be the chief articles of his creed. In later days (not, of course, upon this first occasion) I would sometimes ask him why, and he had his answer pat. "To build up the type!" he would cry. "We're all committed to that. We're all under bond to fulfil the American type! Loudon, the hope of the world, is there. If we fail, like those old feudal monarchies, what is left?"

The trade of a tin-typer proved too narrow for the lad's ambition. It was insusceptible of expansion, he explained; it was not truly modern. And, by a sudden conversion of front, he became a railroad-scalper. The principles of this trade I never clearly understood, but its essence appears to be to cheat the railroads out of their due fare. "I threw my whole soul into it; I grudged myself food and sleep while I was at it. The most practised hands admitted I had caught on to the idea in a month, and revolutionised the practice inside of a year," he said. "And there's interest in it too. It's amusing to pick out some one going by, make up your mind about his character and tastes, dash out of the office, and hit him flying with an offer of the very place he wants to go to. I don't think there was a scalper on the Continent made fewer blunders. But I took it only as a

stage. I was saving every dollar. I was looking ahead. I knew what I wanted—wealth, education, a refined home, and a conscientious, cultured lady for a wife; for, Mr. Dodd" —this with a formidable outcry—"every man is bound to marry above him. If the woman's not the man's superior, I brand it as mere sensuality. There was my idea at least. That was what I was saving for—and enough too! But it isn't every man, I know that—it's far from every man—could do what I did; close up the liveliest agency in St. Jo, where he was coining dollars by the pot, set out alone, without a friend or a word of French, and settle down here to spend his capital learning art."

"Was it an old taste," I asked him, "or a sudden fancy?"

"Neither, Mr. Dodd," he admitted. "Of course, I had learned in my tin-typing excursions to glory and exult in the works of God. But it wasn't that. I just said to myself: What is most wanted in my age and country? More culture and more art, I said. And I chose the best place, saved my money, and came here to get them."

The whole attitude of this young man warmed and shamed me. He had more fire in his little toe than I in my whole carcass. He was stuffed to bursting with the manly virtues; thrift and courage glowed in him; and even if his artistic vocation seemed (to one of my exclusive tenets) not quite clear, who could predict what might be accomplished by a creature so full-blooded and so inspired with animal and intellectual energy? So, when he proposed that I should come and see his work (one of the regular stages of a Latin Quarter friendship), I followed him with interest and hope.

He lodged parsimoniously at the top of a tall house near the Observatory, in a bare room, principally furnished with his own trunks, and papered with his own despicable studies.

No man has less taste for disagreeable duties than myself. Perhaps there is only one subject on which I cannot flatter a man without a blush; but upon that—upon all that touches art—my sincerity is Roman. Once and twice I made the circuit of his walls in silence, spying in every corner for some spark of merit, he, meanwhile, following close at my heels, reading the verdict in my face with furtive glances, presenting some fresh study for my inspection with undisguised anxiety, and (after it had been silently weighed in and balance and found wanting), whisking it away with an open gesture of despair. By the time the second round was completed, we were both extremely depressed.

"Oh!" he groaned, breaking the long silence, "it's quite unnecessary you should speak!"

"Do you want me to be quite frank with you? I think you are wasting time," said I.

"You don't see any promise?" he inquired, beguiled by some return of hope, and turning upon me the embarrassing brightness of his eye. "Not in this still-life here, of the melon? One fellow thought it good."

It was the least I could do to give the melon a more particular examination, which, when I had done, I could but shake my head. "I am truly sorry, Pinkerton," said I, "but I can't advise you to persevere."

He seemed to recover his fortitude at the moment, rebounding from disappointment like a man of India-rubber. "Well," said he stoutly, "I don't know that I'm surprised. But I'll go on with the course, and throw my whole soul into it too. You mustn't think the time is lost. It's all culture; it will help me to extend my relations when I get back home; it may fit me for a position on one of the illustrateds. And then I can always turn dealer," he said, utter-

ing the monstrous proposition, which was enough to shake the Latin Quarter to the dust, with entire simplicity. "It's all experience, besides," he continued, "and it seems to me there's a tendency to underrate experience, both as net profit and investment. Never mind. That's done with. But it took courage for you to say what you did, and I'll never forget it. Here's my hand, Mr. Dodd. I'm not your equal in culture or talent——"

"You know nothing about that," I interrupted. "I have seen your work, but you haven't seen mine."

"No more I have!" he cried. "Let's go see it at once! But I know you are away up. I can feel it here."

To say truth, I was almost ashamed to introduce him to my studio, my work, whether absolutely good or bad, being so vastly superior to his. But his spirits were now quite restored, and he amazed me, on the way, with his light-hearted talk and new projects. So that I began at last to understand how matters lay: that this was not an artist who had been deprived of the practice of his single art, but only a business man of very extended interests, informed (perhaps something of the most suddenly) that one investment out of twenty had gone wrong.—*From R. L. Stevenson's "The Wrecker," copyright, 1891, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Nursery Rhymes

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman
  Going to the fair.
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
  "Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
  For to catch a whale.
All the water he had got
  Was in his mother's pail!

Three Wise Men of Gotham

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

I Love Sixpence

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, my pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
And I love nothing better than my wife.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're very welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Would you like to marry, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, thank you, I would, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody axed you, sir!" she said.

Peter Piper

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where is the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

George Meredith

Short Citations

"He gives good dinners," a candid old critic said, when asked how it was that he could praise a certain poet. In an island of chills and fogs, the comic and other perceptions are dependent on the stirrings of the gastric juices.

The burlesque Irishman can't be caricatured. Nature strained herself in a fit of absurdity to produce him, and all that art can do is to copy.

"We women are the verbs passive of the alliance. We have to learn, and if we take to activity with the best intentions, we conjugate a frightful disturbance."

Real happiness is a state of dulness.

English women and men feel toward the quick-witted of their species as to aliens, having the demerits of aliens. A quick-witted woman exerting her wit is a foreigner and potentially a criminal.

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism without the coxcomb's feathers.

Most of the people one has at a dinner-table are drums. A rub-a-dub-dub on them is the only way to get a sound. When they can be persuaded to do it upon one another, they call it conversation.

She was a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment. Complexion she had none, but she had spotlessness of skin, and sons and daughters just resembling her, like cheaper editions of a precious quarto of a perished type.

—*From the Novels.*

F. C. Burnand

A Rubber at Whist

CHILDERS proposes "whist." I never feel certain of myself at whist; I point to the fact that they are four without me. Poss Felmyr says if I sit down he'll cut in presently. "I play?" I reply, "Yes, a little." I am Stenton's partner; Englefield and Childers are against us. Sixpenny points, shilling on the rub. Stenton says to me, "You'll score." Scoring always puzzles me. I know it's done with half a crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a silver candlestick. Sometimes one bit of money is under the candlestick, sometimes two.

Happy Thought. To watch Englefield scoring; soon pick it up again.

First Rubber. Stenton deals; Childers is first hand; I'm second. Hearts trumps—the queen. It's wonderful how quick they are in arranging their cards. After I've sorted all mine carefully, I find a trump among the clubs. Having placed him in his position on the right of my hand, I find a stupid Three of Clubs among the spades; settled *him*. Lastly, a King of Diamonds upside down, which seems to entirely disconcert me; put *him* right. Englefield says, "Come, be quick"—Stenton tells me "not to hurry myself." I say I'm quite ready, and wonder to myself what Childers will lead.

Childers leads the Queen of Clubs. I consider for a moment what is the duty of second hand; the word "finessing" occurs to me here. I can't recollect if putting on a

three of the same suit is finessing; put on the three and look at my partner to see how he likes it. He is watching the table. Englefield lets it go, my partner lets it go—the trick is Childers's. I feel that somehow it's lost through my fault. His lead again—spades. This takes me so by surprise that I have to rearrange my hand, as the spades have got into a lump. I have two spades, an ace and a five. Let me see: "If I play the five I"—I can't see the consequence. "If I play the ace it *must* win unless it's trumped." Stenton says in a deep voice, "Play away." The three look from one to the other. Being flustered, I play the ace; the trick is mine. I wish it wasn't, as I have to lead; I'd give something if I might consult Poss, who is behind me, or my partner. All the cards look ready for playing, yet I don't like to disturb them. Let me think what's been played already. Stenton asks me "if I'd like to look at the last trick." As this will give *me* time, and *them* the idea that I am following out my own peculiar tactics, I embrace the offer. Childers displays the last trick; I look at it. I say, "Thank you," and he shuts it up again. Immediately afterward I can't recollect what the cards were in that trick; if I did it wouldn't help me. They are becoming impatient.

About this time somebody's Queen of Diamonds is taken. I wasn't watching how the trick went, but I am almost certain it was fatal to the Queen of Diamonds; that is to say, if it *was* the Queen of Diamonds; but I don't like to ask. The next trick, which is something in spades, trumped by Englefield, I pass as of not much importance. Stenton growls, "Didn't I see that he'd got no more spades in his hand?" No, I own I didn't. Stenton, who is not an encouraging partner, grunts to himself. In a subsequent round, I having lost a trick by leading spades, Stenton calls out,

"Why, didn't you see they were trumping spades?" I defend myself; I say I *did* see him, Englefield, trump *one* spade, but I thought that he hadn't any more trumps. I say this as if I had been reckoning the cards as they've been played.

Happy Thought. Try to reckon them, and play by system next rubber.

I keep my trumps back till the last; they'll come out and astonish them. They *do* come out and astonish *me*. Being taken by surprise, I put on my king when I ought to have played the knave, and both surrender to the ace and queen. I say, "Dear me, how odd!" I think I hear Stenton saying sarcastically, in an undertone, "Oh, yes; confoundedly odd." I try to explain, and he interrupts me at the end of the last deal but two by saying testily, "It's no use talking; if you attend we may just save the odd."

Happy Thought. Save the odd.

My friend the Queen of Diamonds, who, I thought, had been played, and taken by some one or other at a very early period of the game, suddenly reappears out of my partner's hand, as if she was part of a conjuring trick. Second hand can't follow suit and can't trump. I think I see what he intends me to do here. I've a trump and a small club. "When in doubt," I recollect the infallible rule, "play a trump." I don't think any one expected this trump. Good play.

Happy Thought. Trump. I look up diffidently. My partner laughs, so do the others. My partner's is not a pleasant laugh. I can't help asking, "Why, isn't that right? it's ours?" "Oh, yes," says my partner sarcastically, "it *is* ours." "Only," explains little Bob Englefield, "you've trumped your partner's best card."

I try again to explain that by *my* computation the Queen of Diamonds had been played a long time ago. My partner won't listen to reason. He replies, "You might have *seen* that it wasn't." I return, "Well, it couldn't be helped; we'll win the game yet." This I add to encourage him, though, if it depends on *me,* I honestly (to myself) don't think we shall.

Happy Thought. After all, we *do* get the odd trick. Stenton ought to be in a better humour, but he isn't; he says, "The odd! we ought to have been three." Englefield asks me how honours are. I don't know. Stenton says, "Why, you (meaning me) had two in your own hand." "Oh, yes, I had." I'd forgotten it. "Honours easy," says Stenton to me. I agree with him. Now, I've got to score with this confounded shilling, sixpence, half-crown, and a candlestick.

Happy Thought. Ask Bob Englefield how *he* scores generally.

He replies, "Oh, the usual way," and as he doesn't illustrate his meaning, his reply is of no use to me whatever. How can I find out without showing them that I don't know?

Happy Thought (*while* CHILDERS *deals*). Pretend to forget to score till next time. Englefield will have to do it, perhaps, next time, then watch Englefield. Just as I am arranging my cards from right to left——

Happy Thought. To alternate the colours black and red, beginning this time with black (right) as spades are trumps. Also to arrange them in their rank and order of precedence. Ace on the right if I've got one—yes; king next, queen next —and the hand begins to look very pretty. I can quite imagine whist being a fascinating game— Stenton reminds me that I've forgotten to mark "one up."

Happy Thought. Put sixpence by itself on my left hand. Stenton asks what's that for?

Happy Thought. To say it's the way I *always* mark.

Stenton says, "Oh, go on." I look round to see what we're waiting for, and Englefield answers me, "Go on, it's you; you're first hand." I beg their pardon. I must play some card or other, and finish arranging my hand during the round. Anything will do to begin with. Here's a two of spades, a little one, on my left hand; throw him out.

"Hallo!" cries Englefield (second hand), "trumps are coming out early." I quite forgot spades were trumps; that comes of that horrid little card being on the left instead of the right.

Happy Thought. Not to show my mistake: nod at Englefield, and intimate that "he'll see what's coming."

So, by the way, will my partner. In a polite moment I accept another cup of tea. I don't want it, and have to put it by the half-crown, shilling, and candlestick on the whist-table, where I'm afraid of knocking it over, and am obliged to let it get quite cold, as I have to attend to the game.

Happening to be taking a spoonful, with my eyes anxiously on the cards, when my turn comes, Stenton says, "*Do* play; never mind your tea." Whist brutalises Stenton: what a pity!

Happy Thought. Send this game as a problem to a sporting paper.

Happy Thought. Why not write generally for sporting papers?

Stenton says, "*Do* play!" I do.

Happy Thought. Write a treatise on whist, so as to teach myself the game.—"*Happy Thoughts.*"

W. S. Gilbert

"The Ruler of the Queen's Navee"

SIR JOSEPH PORTER, *his* COUSIN HEBE, *his* OTHER FEMALE RELATIVES, CAPTAIN CORCORAN *of the* "PINAFORE," ABLE SEAMAN RALPH RACKSTRAW, BOATSWAIN, SAILORS.

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants—

Hebe. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Rel. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir Joseph. When at anchor here I ride
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts—

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir Joseph. But when the breezes blow
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

He polished, etc.

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
I copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership;
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

He thought so little, etc.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navee!

CHORUS.

Stick close, etc.

Sir Joseph. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. It *is* a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph (*examining a very small midshipman*). A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

Capt. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. What, *never?*

Capt. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

Sir Joseph. Don't patronise them, sir—pray don't patronise them.

Capt. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. That you are the captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronised because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

Capt. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

Capt. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

Sir Joseph (*sternly*). If what?

Capt. I beg your pardon——

Sir Joseph. If you *please.*

Capt. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (RALPH *steps forward.*)

Sir Joseph. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

Sir Joseph. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

Ralph. No, your honour.

Sir Joseph. That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?"

Ralph. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

All. Hear! Hear!

Sir Joseph. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Then hum this at your leisure (*giving him MS. music*). It is a song that I have composed for the use of the royal navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

Capt. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

Boat. Beg pardon? If what, your honour?

Capt. If what? I don't think I understand you.

Boat. If you *please,* your honour.

Capt. What!

Sir Joseph. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please.*

Capt. (*stamping his foot impatiently*). If you *please!*

Sir Joseph. For I hold that on the seas
The expression, "If you please,"
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

—"*Pinafore.*"

The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo

From east and south the holy clan
Of bishops gathered to a man;
To synod, called Pan-Anglican,
In flocking crowds they came.

Among them was a bishop who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—
They played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum—
The only sauce they knew.
When first good Bishop Peter came
(For Peter was that bishop's name),
To humour them he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell
(His name was Peter), loved him well;
And, summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.
"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."
(They called him Peter, people say,
Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea.
At London Bridge that bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night.
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road,
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
With all his might and main.
To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.

The bishop chuckled at the sight.
"This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite.
I'll learn it if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back."
He begged the man to teach his knack.
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack!"
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away,
And taught the bishop every day.
The dancer skipped like any fay—
Good Peter did the same.
The bishop buckled to his task,
With *battlements* and *pas de basque*.
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
That Peter was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said:
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head—
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—
Your fingers thus extend;

The attitude's considered quaint."
The weary bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new.
Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two."
The bishop, never proud,
But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was Peter, I repeat),
Performed the Payne and Lauri feat,
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned.
"Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand—
Your body stiff and stark.
If, when revisiting your see,
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—
The novelty would striking be,
And must attract remark."

"No," said the worthy bishop, "no.
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial bishops cannot go.
You may express surprise
At finding bishops deal in pride;
But if that trick I ever tried,
I would appear undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

W. S. Gilbert

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such.
But if they saw their bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they wouldn't understand—
'Twould pain them very much!"

—*"Bab Ballads."*

Lords and Commons

PRIVATE WILLIS, *on sentry duty in front of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster.*

SONG—WILLIS.

WHEN all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony
He exercises of his brains,
That is, assuming that he's got any.
Though never nurtured in the lap
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,
I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you.
I often think it's comical—Fal lal la!
How Nature always does contrive—Fal lal la!
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative!
Fal lal la!

When in that House M. P.'s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of dull M. P.'s in close proximity,
All thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.
Then let's rejoice with loud Fal lal—Fal lal la!
That Nature wisely does contrive—Fal lal la!
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative!
Fal lal la!

Enter LORDS MOUNTARARAT *and* TOLLOLLER, *with* CELIA *and* LEILA (*fairies*).

Celia. You seem annoyed.

Mount. Annoyed! I should think so! Why, this ridiculous *protégé* of yours is playing the deuce with everything! To-night is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination!

Lord Toll. And he'll carry it too!

Mount. Carry it? Of course he will! He's a Parliamentary Pickford—he carries everything!

Leila. Yes. If you please, that's our fault!

Mount. The deuce it is!

Celia. Yes; we influence the members, and compel them to vote just as he wishes them to.

Leila. It's our system. It shortens the debates.

Lord Toll. Well, but think what it all means. I don't so much mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning, the country must go to the dogs!

Leila. I suppose it must!

Mount. I don't want to say a word against brains—I've a great respect for brains—I often wish I had some myself. But with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

Leila. I never thought of that!

Mount. This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers!

SONG—LORD MOUNTARARAT.

When Britain really ruled the waves,
  In good Queen Bess's time,
The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence
  Or scholarship sublime.
Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days!

CHORUS.

Yes, Britain won, etc.

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
  As every child can tell,
The House of Peers, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
  And did it very well.

Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days!

CHORUS.

Yes, Britain set, etc.

'And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
'And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays,
As in King George's glorious days!

CHORUS.

'As bright will shine, etc.

Leila (*who has been much attracted by the peers during this song*). Charming persons, are they not?

Celia. Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!—"*Iolanthe.*"

Lorenzo De Lardy

DALILAH DE DARDY adored
An officer, late of the Guards,
Lorenzo de Lardy, a lord,
A personal friend of the bards.

W. S. Gilbert

Dalilah de Dardy was fat,
  Dalilah de Dardy was old
(No doubt in the world about that),
  But Dalilah de Dardy had gold.

Lorenzo de Lardy was tall,
  The flower of maidenly pets;
Young ladies would love at his call,
  But Lorenzo de Lardy had debts.

His money-position was queer,
  And one of his favourite freaks
Was to hide himself three times a year
  In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before
  He fanned himself into a flame,
For a beautiful "Damsel Compterore,"
  And this was her singular name:

Alice Eulalie Coraline
  Euphrosine Colombina Thérèse
Juliette Stephanie Célestine
  Charlotte Russe de la Sauce Mayonnaise.

She booked all the orders and tin,
  Accoutred in showy fal-lal,
At a two-fifty restaurant, in
  The glittering Palais Royal.

He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,
  Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,
But the words of her tongue that he knew
  Were limited strictly to these:

"Coraline Célestine Eulalie,
  Houp-là! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez-moi aujourd'hui
  Bonjour, mademoiselle, parlez-voo."

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise
  Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
  But her English consisted of this:

"Oh, my! pretty man, if you please,
  Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
  Rosbif, me speak Angleesh, godam."

He'd gaze in her eyes all the day,
  Admiring their sparkle and dance,
And list while she rattled away
  In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,
  Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember Milor,
  He loved De la Sauce Mayonnaise.

He said to her: "Méchante Thérèse,
Avec désespoir tu m'accables,
Penses-tu, De la Sauce Mayonnaise,
Ses intentions sont honorables?

"Flirte toujours, ma belle, si tu oses.
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère:
Je lui dirai de quoi on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière!"

Lord Lardy knew nothing of this—
The waiter's devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And he never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he'd snap and he'd dance,
And Lord Lardy would smile and observe:
"How strange are the customs of France!"

Well, after delaying a space,
His tradesmen no longer would wait;
Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

Lord Lardy espoused, with a groan,
Miss Dardy's developing charms.
And agreed to tag on to his own,
Her name and her newly found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
  Of an ugly and thin *coryphée,*
Who danced in the hindermost rows
  At the Théâtre des Variétés.

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise
  Didn't yield to a gnawing despair,
But married a soldier, and plays
  As a pretty and pert *vivandière.*

—*"Bab Ballads."*

The Penalty for Beheading the Heir-Apparent

The MIKADO, KO-KO, POOH-BAH, KATISHA, PITTI-SING.

Mik. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

Ko. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Kat. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

Pooh. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

Kat. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visit-

ing-card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world. Observe this ear.

Ko. Large.

Kat. Large? Enormous! But think of its delicate internal mechanism. It is fraught with beauty! As for this tooth, it almost stands alone. Many have tried to draw it, but in vain.

Ko. And yet he fled!

Mik. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

Ko.
Pooh. } A second trombone!
Pitti.

Mik. Yes. Would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

Ko. Oh, no, not at all—only——

Mik. Yes?

Ko. It's rather awkward, but in point of fact he's gone abroad!

Mik. Gone abroad? His address?

Ko. Knightsbridge!

Kat. (*who is reading certificate of death*). Ha!

Mik. What's the matter?

Kat. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning. Oh, where shall I find another? Where shall I find another?

KO-KO, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING *fall on their knees.*

Mik. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To* KO-KO.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety

to carry out my wishes you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Together. { *Ko.* But I assure you we had no idea——
Pooh. But, indeed, we didn't know——
Pitti. We really hadn't the least notion——

Mik. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow; don't distress yourself. It was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to you Majesty——

Mik. Obliged? Not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

Pooh. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the heir-apparent.

Pitti. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

Ko. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief; but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

Mik. Ha! ha! ha! (*To* KAT.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the heir-apparent.

Ko.
Pooh. } Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees*
Pitti. } *again.*)

Mik. Yes—something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy; something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it; but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come; don't fret. I'm not a bit angry.

Ko. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea——

Mik. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of

it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says "compassing the death of the heir-apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course; but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn. However, cheer up; it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

Ko. What's the good of that?

Mik. Now, let's see. Will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

Ko., Pitti, and Pooh. Oh, yes; we can wait till then!

Mik. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all. But it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

—*"The Mikado."*

Andrew Lang

Two Letters from Mrs. Proudie to Mrs. Quiverful

(Parody concerning Trollope's "Barchester Towers" and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")

THE PALACE, BARCHESTER, July 17th.

DEAREST LETITIA: I have much to tell you of Barchester. The light, worldly tone of some families in this place (I will not mention the Grantleys nor the Arabins) has been checked, I hope, by one of those accidents which surely, surely, are not to be considered accidents alone! You know how strong is my objection to fancy fairs or bazaars, too often rather scenes of giddy merriment than exhibitions of genuine Christian feeling. Yet by means of one of these (how strangely are things ordered!) a happy change, I trust, is being brought about in our midst.

You have heard of Hogglestock, though you may never have visited that outlying and benighted parish. Indeed, I was never there myself till last week, when the bishop felt it his duty (though wofully misdirected, to my mind, but we are fallible creatures) to go and open a bazaar in that place for the restoration of the church. I accompanied him, for I trusted that an opportunity might be made for me, and that I might especially bear in on the mind of the rector's wife the absolute necessity of Sabbath-day schools. The rector is a Mr. Crawley. He led us, on our arrival,

into a scene of red cloth, wax dolls most indelicately displayed, cushions, antimacassars, and similar *idols*. My husband's speech (I composed it myself) you will read in the *Barchester Guardian*, which I send you. While approving the *end*, he rebuked the *means*, and took the opportunity to read a much-needed lesson on *Jesuitry* and the dangers of worldliness in high ecclesiastical places. Let those wince who feel a sense of their own backslidings.

When the bishop had ended, I determined to walk once through the bazaar just to make sure that there were no lotteries nor games of chance—a desecration of our *mites* now too, too frequent. As I was returning through the throng (alas!) of *pleasure-seekers*, and wishing that I might scourge them out of the school-room, Mr. Crawley met me, in company with a lady who desired, he said, to be presented to me. He is a distant relative of the well-known county family, the Crawleys, of Queen's Crawley, the present baronet, Sir Rawdon, having recently married Miss Jane Dobbin, daughter of Colonel Dobbin. The lady who was now introduced to me, and whose *still pleasing* face wears an aspect of humble devoutness, was Lady Crawley, mother of the present baronet.

"Madam," she said, "I came here in the belief that I was discharging a pious duty. My life, alas! has been one of sore trial, and I only try to do good."

I was going to say that I had seen her name in a score of charity lists, and knew her as a patroness of the Destitute Orange-Girls, the Neglected Washer-Women, and the Distressed Muffin-Men. But she shook her head, and then, looking up at me with eyes like a *saint's* (if our *privileges* permitted us to believe in these fabulous beings of the Romish superstition), she said, "Ah, no! I have always been

in the wrong. The beautiful address of the Bishop of Barchester has awakened me, and convinced me that the *path* does not lie through fancy fairs. I have to begin again. Who shall guide me?"

I trust I am not subject to vanity; but the news that *I* (for I composed the *charge*, as I may almost call it) had been the instrument of so affecting a change did not fail to please me. I thanked Lady Crawley, and expressed my deep interest in her altered convictions. Finally she promised to come on a visit to us at the palace (she usually resides at Bath or Cheltenham), and has been three days an inmate.

Never have I met a more singular example of what the truth can do for one who, as she admits, was long ago a worldling. "I have seen the vanity of it," she tells me, with tears in her eyes; and from her example I expect an *awakening* among our worldlings. They will follow the path of a *titled* person. My husband is much interested in his *convert*, as he thinks her. Not to *me* be the glory!

Your assured friend,

EMILY BARCHESTER.

THE PALACE, BARCHESTER, July 22d.

DEAR LETITIA: My hand trembles so with indignation that I can hardly direct my pen. Pray *burn* my letter of July 17th at once, if you have not already done so.

We have been *deceived* in that woman! She is a brazen-faced, painted daughter of Heth, and has no more right to the title of Lady Crawley than *you* have. I am told that she was at one time the paramour of Lord Steyne, and that her conduct made it impossible for her husband to live with

her. And this is the woman who has come within the gates of the palace of a Christian prelate, nay, more, who has secured his signature to a cheque of very considerable value! I think my suspicions were first excited by the disappearance of the brandy in the liqueur-stand, and by meeting "her ladyship's" maid carrying the bottle up to her room. I spoke to the bishop, but he would not listen to me—quite unlike himself—and even turned on me in her defence.

Entering his study hastily on the following day, I found her kneeling at his feet, her yellow hair (dyed, no doubt, for she must be sixty if she is a day) about her shoulders, doing what do you suppose? *Confessing herself to the Bishop of Barchester!* And he was listening to her "confession" with an appearance of interest, and with one of her hands in his.

"Serpent!" I said—and her green eyes glittered just like one—"unhand his lordship!"

She gave a little laugh, and said, "Dear Mrs. Proudie, do not let me monopolise the bishop's time. Perhaps I am in the way?"

"And you shall go out of it," I said. "You are one of those who cause Israel to sin. You bring the confessional—for it is no better—into the house of a prelate of the Protestant Church of England!" Would you believe me, she had the assurance to answer me with a passage from the prayer-book, which I have often felt certain must be *mistranslated!*

"Pack, madam," said I. "We know who can quote Scripture for his own ends." And I pretty soon saw her out of the house, though *not in time;* for the infatuated bishop had already given her a cheque for a sum which I cannot bring myself to tell you, for the funds of the Destitute

Orange-Girls. Not a penny of it will they ever see; nor do I approve of such ostentatious alms in any case.

Yours in haste,

EMILY BARCHESTER.

P. S.—I have heard from Lady Courtney all her history. It is *abominable.*—*"Old Friends."*

W. H. Mallock

A Lay-Sermon and a Shipwreck

THE professor, as was natural, held quite aloof, and pondered over a new species of bug which he had found very plentiful in his berth. But it soon occurred to him that he often heard the name of God being uttered otherwise than in swearing. He listened more attentively to the sounds, which he had at first set down as negro melodies; and he soon became convinced that they were something whose very existence he despised himself for remembering—namely, Christian hymns. He then thought of the three curates, whose existence he despised himself for remembering also. And the conviction rapidly dawned on him, that though the passengers seemed fully alive to his fame as a man of science, they could yet know very little of all that science had done for them, and of the death-blow it had given to the foul superstitions of the past. He therefore resolved that next day he would preach them a lay-sermon.

At the appointed time the passengers gathered eagerly round him—all but Virginia, who retired to her cabin when she saw that the preacher wore no surplice, as she thought it would be a mortal sin to listen to a sermon without one.

The professor began amidst a profound silence. He first proclaimed to his hearers the great primary axiom in which all modern thought roots itself. He told them that there was but one order of things, it was so much neater than two; and if we would be certain of anything we must never doubt it. Thus, since countless things exist that the senses can

take account of, it is evident that nothing exists that the senses cannot take account of. The senses can take no account of God; therefore God does not exist. Men of science can only see theology in a ridiculous light; therefore theology has no side that is not ridiculous. He then told them a few of the new names that enlightened thinkers had applied to the Christian Deity—how Professor Tyndall had called him "an atom-manufacturer," and Professor Huxley, "a pedantic drill-serjeant." The passengers at once saw how demonstrably at variance with fact was all religion, and they laughed with a sense of humour that was quite new to them. The professor's tones then became more solemn; and, having extinguished error, he proceeded to unveil the brilliant light of truth. He showed them how, viewed by modern science, all existence is a chain, with a gas at one end, and no one knows what at the other; and how humanity is a link somewhere, but, holy and awful thought!—we can none of us tell where. "However," he proceeded, "of one thing we can be quite certain: all that is, is matter; the laws of matter are eternal, and we cannot act or think without conforming to them. And if," he said, "we would be solemn, and high, and happy, and heroic, and saintly, we have but to strive and struggle to do what we cannot for an instant avoid doing. Yes," he exclaimed, "as the sublime Tyndall tells us, let us struggle to attain to a deeper knowledge of matter, and a more faithful conformity to its laws!"

The professor would have proceeded; but the weather had been rapidly growing rough, and he here became violently sea-sick.

"Let us," he exclaimed hurriedly, "conform to the laws of matter and go below."

Nor was the advice premature. A storm arose, excep-

tional in its suddenness and its fury. It raged for two days without ceasing. The *Australasian* sprang a leak; her steering gear was disabled; and it was feared she would go ashore on an island that was seen dimly through the fog to the leeward. The boats were got in readiness. A quantity of provisions and of the passengers' baggage was already stowed in the cutter. When the clouds parted, the sun came out again, and the storm subsided almost as quickly as it arose.

No sooner were the ship's damages in a fair way to be repaired, than the professor resumed his sermon. He climbed into the cutter, which was still full of the passengers' baggage, and sat down on the largest of Virginia's boxes. This so alarmed Virginia that she followed the professor into the cutter to keep an eye on her property. But she did not forget to stop her ears with her fingers, that she might not be guilty of listening to an unsurpliced minister.

The professor took up the thread of his discourse just where he had broken it off. Every circumstance favoured him. The calm sea was sparkling under the gentlest breeze; all nature seemed suffused with gladness; and at two miles' distance was an enchanting island, green with every kind of foliage and glowing with the hues of a thousand flowers. The professor, having reminded his hearers of what nonsense they now thought all the Christian teachings, went on to show them the blessed results of this. Since the God that we once called all-holy is a fable, that Humanity is all-holy must be a fact. Since we shall never be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy hereafter, it is evident that we can be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy here. "This," said the professor, "is the new gospel. It is founded on exact thought. It is the gospel of the kingdom of man; and had I only here a microscope and a few chemicals, I

could demonstrate its eternal truth to you. There is no heaven to seek for; there is no hell to shun. We have nothing to strive and live for except to be unspeakably happy."

This eloquence was received with enthusiasm. The captain in particular, who had a wife in every port he touched at, was overjoyed at hearing that there was no hell; and he sent for all his crew, that they might learn the good news likewise. But soon the general gladness was marred by a sound of weeping. Three-fourths of the passengers, having had time to reflect a little, began exclaiming that as a matter of fact they were really completely miserable, and that for various reasons they could never be anything else. "My friends," said the professor, quite undaunted, "that is doubtless completely true. You are not happy now; you probably never will be. But that is of little moment. Only conform faithfully to the laws of matter, and your children's children will be happy in the course of a few centuries; and you will like that far better than being happy yourselves. Only consider the matter in this light, and you yourselves will become happy also; and whatever you say, and whatever you do, think only of the effect it will have five hundred years afterward."

At these solemn words the anxious faces grew calm. An awful sense of the responsibility of each one of us, and the infinite consequences of every human act, was filling the hearts of all, when, by a faithful conformity to the laws of matter, the boiler blew up, and the *Australasian* went down. In an instant the air was rent with yells and cries; and all the Humanity that was on board the vessel was busy, as the professor expressed it, uniting itself with the infinite azure of the past. Paul and Virginia, however, floated quietly

away in the cutter, together with the baggage and provisions. Virginia was made almost senseless by the suddenness of the catastrophe; and on seeing five sailors sink within three yards of her, she fainted dead away. The professor begged her not to take it so much to heart, as these were the very men who had got the cutter in readiness; "and they are therefore," he said, "still really alive in the fact of our happy escape." Virginia, however, being quite insensible, the professor turned to the last human being still to be seen above the waters, and shouted to him not to be afraid of death, as there was certainly no hell, and that his life, no matter how degraded and miserable, had been a glorious mystery, full of infinite significance. The next moment the struggler was snapped up by a shark.—*"The New Paul and Virginia."*

John Watson—"Ian Maclaren"

Our Sermon Taster

A DRUMTOCHTY man, standing six feet three in his boots, sat himself down one day in the study of a West End minister, and gazed before him with the countenance of a sphinx.

The sight struck awe into the townsman's heart, and the power of speech was paralysed within him.

"A'm frae Drumtochty," began a deep, solemn voice. "Ye 'ill hae heard of Drumtochty, of coorse. A've jined the polis; the pay is no that bad, and the work is naethin' tae an able-bodied man."

When these particulars had been digested by the audience:

"It's a crooded place, London, and the fouk's aye in a tiravie, rinnin' here an' rinnin' there, and the maist feck o' them dinna ken whar they're gaein'.

"It's officer this and officer that frae mornin' till nicht. It's peetifu' tae see the helplessness o' the bodies in their ain toon. And they're freevolous," continued the figure, refreshing itself with a reminiscence.

"It wes this verra mornin' that a man askit me hoo tae get tae the Strand.

"'Haud on,' says I, 'till ye come tae a cross street, and dinna gang doon it, and when ye see anither, pass it, but whup roond the third, and yir nose 'ill bring ye tae the Strand.'

"He was a shachlin bit cratur, and he lookit up at me.

"'Where were you born, officer?' in his clippit English tongue.

"'Drumtochty,' a' said 'an' we hev juist ae man as sma' as you in the hale Glen.'

"He gied awa' lauchin' like tae split his sides, an' the fac' is there's no ane o' them asks me a question but he lauchs. They're a licht-headed fouk, and no sair educat. But we maunna boast; they hevna hed oor advantages."

The minister made a brave effort to assert himself.

"Is there anything I can do?" but the figure simply waved its hand and resumed.

"A'm comin' tae that, but a' thocht ye wud be wantin' ma opeenion o' London.

"Weel, ye see, the first thing a' did, of coorse, after settlin' doon, was tae gae roond the kirks and hear what kin' o' ministers they hae up here. A've been in saxteen kirks the last three months, an' a' wud hae been in mair had it no bin for ma oors.

"Aye, aye, a' ken ye 'ill be wantin' ma judgment," interpreting a movement in the chair, "an' ye 'ill hae it. Some wes puir stuff—plenty o' water and little meal—and some wesna sae bad for England. But ye 'ill be pleased to know," here the figure relaxed and beamed on the anxious minister, "that a'm rael weel satisfied wi' yersel', and a'm thinkin' o' sittin' under ye.

"Man," were Drumtochty's last words, "a' wish Elspeth MacFayden cud hear ye, her 'at prees (tastes) the sermons in oor Glen; a' believe she wud pass ye, an' if ye got a certeeficat frae Elspeth, ye wud be a prood man. . . ."

It was the birthright of every native of the parish to be a critic, and certain of them were allowed to be experts in special departments—Lachlan Campbell in doctrine, and Jamie Soutar in logic—but as an all-round practitioner Mrs. MacFayden had a solitary reputation. It rested on a series of unreversed judgments, with felicitous strokes of description that passed into the literary capital of the Glen. One

felt it was genius, and could only note contributing circumstances—an eye that took in the preacher from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; an almost uncanny insight into character; the instinct to seize on every scrap of evidence; a memory that was simply an automatic register; an unfailing sense of fitness, and an absolute impartiality regarding subject.

It goes without saying that Mrs. MacFayden did not take nervous little notes during the sermon—all writing on Sabbath, in kirk or outside, was strictly forbidden in Drumtochty —or mark her Bible, or practise any other profane device of feeble-minded hearers. It did not matter how elaborate or how incoherent a sermon might be, it could not confuse our critic.

When John Peddie of Muirtown, who always approached two hours, and usually had to leave out the last head, took time at the Drumtochty Fast, and gave, at full length, his famous discourse on the total depravity of the human race, from the text, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," it may be admitted that the Glen wavered in its confidence. Human nature has limitations, and failure would have been no discredit to Elspeth.

"They were sayin' at the presbytery," Burnbrae reported, "that it has mair than seeventy heads, coontin' p'ints, of coorse, and a' can weel believe it. Na, na, it's no tae be expeckit that Elspeth cud gie them a' aifter ae hearin'."

Jamie Soutar looked in to set his mind at rest, and Elspeth went at once to work.

"Sit doon, Jamie, for it canna be dune in a meenut."

It took twenty-three minutes exactly, for Jamie watched the clock.

"That's the laist, makin' seeventy-four, and ye may depend

on every ane but that fourth p'int under the sixth head. Whether it wes the 'beginnin' o' the faith' or 'the origin,' a' canna be sure, for he cleared his throat at the time."

Peter Bruce stood helpless at the Junction next Friday—Drumtochty was celebrating Elspeth—and the achievement established her for life.

Probationers who preached in the vacancy had heard rumours, and tried to identify their judge, with the disconcerting result that they addressed their floweriest passages to Mistress Stirton, who was the stupidest woman in the Free Kirk, and had once stuck in the "chief end of man." They never suspected the sonsie, motherly woman, two pews behind Donald Menzies, with her face of demure interest and general air of country simplicity. It was well for the probationers that they had not caught the glint of those black, beady eyes.

"It's curious," Mrs. MacFayden remarked to me one day, "hoo the pulpit fashions change, juist like wemmen's bonnets."

"Noo a' mind when auld Dr. Ferintosh, him 'at wrote 'Judas Iscariot, the First Residuary,' would stand twa meenutes facing the fouk, and no sit doon till he hed his snuff.

"But thae young birkies gie oot 'at they see naebody comin' in, an' cover their faces wi' ae hand sae solemn, that if ye didna catch them keekin' through their fingers tae see what like the kirk is, ye wud think they were prayin'."

"There's not much escapes you," I dared to say; and although the excellent woman was not accessible to gross flattery, she seemed pleased.

"A'm thankfu' that a' can see withoot lookin'; an' a'll wager nae man ever read his sermon in Drumtochty Kirk,

an' a' didna find him oot. Noo, there's the new minister o' Netheraird, he writes his sermon on ae side o' ten sheets o' paper, an' he's that carried awa at the end o' ilka page that he disna ken what he's daein', an' the sleeve o' his goon slips the sheet across tae the ither side o' the Bible.

"But Dr. Ferintosh wes cleverer, an' it near beat me tae detect him," and Elspeth paused to enjoy the pulpit ruse. "It cam' tae me sudden ae Sacrament Monday, hoo dis he aye turn up twal texts, naither mair nor less, and that set me thinkin'. Then a' noticed that he left the Bible open at the place till anither text was due, an' I wunnered a'd been sae slow. It wes this wy: he askit the beadle for a glass o' water in the vestry, and slippit his sermon atween the leaves in sae mony bits. A've wished for a gallery at a time, but there's mair credit in findin' it oot below—aye, an' pleasure tae. A' never wearied in kirk in ma life."

—*"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."*

Rider Haggard

The Bare Legs, the Movable Teeth, and the Transparent Eye

Sir Henry and Umbopa sat conversing in a mixture of broken English and Kitchin Zulu in a low voice, but earnestly enough, and I lay, with my eyes half-shut, upon that fragrant bed of fern and watched them. Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. As I did so I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt, and his natural habits of extreme neatness having reasserted themselves, was actively employed in making a most elaborate toilet. He had washed his gutta-percha collar, thoroughly shaken out his trousers, coat, and waistcoat, and was now folding them up neatly till he was ready to put them on, shaking his head sadly as he did so over the numerous rents and tears in them, which had naturally resulted from our frightful journey. Then he took his boots, scrubbed them with a handful of fern, and finally rubbed them over with a piece of fat, which he had carefully saved from the inco meat, till they looked, comparatively speaking, respectable. Having inspected them judiciously through his eye-glass, he put them on and began a fresh operation. From a little bag he carried he produced a pocket-comb in which was fixed a tiny looking-glass, and in this he surveyed himself. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he proceeded to do his hair with great care. Then came a pause whilst

he again contemplated the effect; still it was not satisfactory. He felt his chin, on which was now the accumulated scrub of a ten-days' beard. "Surely," thought I, "he is not going to try and shave." But so it was. Taking the piece of fat with which he had greased his boots he washed it carefully in the stream. Then diving again into the bag he brought out a little pocket-razor with a guard to it, such as are sold to people afraid of cutting themselves, or to those about to undertake a sea voyage. Then he vigorously scrubbed his face and chin with the fat and began. But it was evidently a painful process, for he groaned very much over it, and I was convulsed with inward laughter as I watched him struggling with that stubbly beard. It seemed so very odd that a man should take the trouble to shave himself with a piece of fat in such a place and under such circumstances. At last he succeeded in getting the worst of the scrub off the right side of his face and chin, when suddenly I, who was watching, became aware of a flash of light that passed just by his head.

Good sprung up with a profane exclamation (if it had not been a safety-razor he would certainly have cut his throat), and so did I, without the exclamation, and this was what I saw. Standing there, not more than twenty paces from where I was, and ten from Good, were a group of men. They were very tall and copper-coloured, and some of them wore great plumes of black feathers and short cloaks of leopard-skins; this was all I noticed at the moment. In front of them stood a youth of about seventeen, his hand still raised and his body bent forward in the attitude of a Grecian statue of a spear-thrower. Evidently the flash of light had been a weapon, and he had thrown it.

As I looked, an old soldier-like-looking man stepped for-

ward out of the group, and catching the youth by the arm said something to him. Then they advanced upon us.

Sir Henry, Good, and Umbopa had by this time seized their rifles and lifted them threateningly. The party of natives still came on. It struck me that they could not know what rifles were, or they would not have treated them with such contempt.

"Put down your guns!" I halloed to the others, seeing that our only chance of safety lay in conciliation. They obeyed, and walking to the front I addressed the elderly man who had checked the youth.

"Greeting," I said in Zulu, not knowing what language to use. To my surprise I was understood.

"Greeting," answered the man, not, indeed, in the same tongue, but in a dialect so closely allied to it, that neither Umbopa or myself had any difficulty in understanding it. Indeed, as we afterward found out, the language spoken by this people was an old-fashioned form of the Zulu tongue, bearing about the same relationship to it that the English of Chaucer does to the English of the nineteenth century.

"Whence come ye?" he went on. "What are you? And why are the faces of three of ye white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" and he pointed to Umbopa's. I looked at Umbopa as he said it, and it flashed across me that he was right. Umbopa's was like the faces of the men before me; so was his great form. But I had not time to reflect on this coincidence.

"We are strangers, and come in peace," I answered, speaking very slow, so that he might understand me, "and this man is our servant."

"Ye lie," he answered; "no strangers can cross the mountains where all things die. But what do your lies matter; if

ye are strangers then ye must die, for no strangers may live in the land of the Kukuanas. It is the king's law. Prepare then to die, oh strangers!"

I was slightly staggered at this, more especially as I saw the hands of some of the party of men steal down to their sides, where hung on each what looked to me like a large and heavy knife.

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good.

"He says we are going to be scragged," I answered grimly.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Good; and, as was his way when perplexed, put his hand to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaw with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for next second the dignified crowd of Kukuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I.

"It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!"

He obeyed, slipping the set into the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

In another second curiosity had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly. Apparently they had now forgotten their amiable intentions of doing for us.

"How is it, oh strangers," asked the old man solemnly, "that the man yonder (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving), whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare, who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who has one shining and transparent eye, has teeth that move of themselves, coming away from the jaws and returning of their own will?"

"Open your mouth," I said to Good, who promptly curled

up his lips and grinned at the old gentleman like an angry dog, revealing to their astonished gaze two thin red lines of gum as utterly innocent of ivories as a new-born elephant. His audience gasped.

"Where are his teeth?" they shouted; "with our eyes we saw them."

Turning his head slowly and with a gesture of ineffable contempt, Good swept his hand across his mouth. Then he grinned again, and lo! there were two rows of lovely teeth.

The young man who had flung the knife threw himself down on the grass and gave vent to a prolonged howl of terror; and as for the old gentleman, his knees knocked together with fear.

"I see that ye are spirits," he said falteringly; "did ever man born of woman have hair on one side of his face and not on the other, or a round and transparent eye, or teeth which moved and melted away and grew again? Pardon us, oh, my lords."

Here was luck indeed, and, needless to say, I jumped at the chance.

"It is granted," I said, with an imperial smile. "Nay, ye shall know the truth. We come from another world, though we are men such as ye; we come," I went on, "from the biggest star that shines at night."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the chorus of astonished aborigines.

"Yes," I went on, "we do indeed;" and I again smiled benignly as I uttered that amazing lie. "We come to stay with you a little while, and bless you by our sojourn. Ye will see, oh friends, that I have prepared myself by learning your language."

"It is so, it is so," said the chorus.

"Only, my lord," put in the old gentleman, "thou hast learned it very badly."

I cast an indignant glance at him, and he quailed.

"Now, friends," I continued, "ye might think that after so long a journey we should find it in our hearts to avenge such a reception, mayhap to strike cold in death the impious hand that—that, in short—threw a knife at the head of him whose teeth come and go."

"Spare him, my lords," said the old man in supplication; "he is the king's son, and I am his uncle. If anything befalls him his blood will be required at my hands."

"Yes, that is certainly so," put in the young man with great emphasis.

"You may perhaps doubt our power to avenge," I went on, heedless of this by-play. "Stay, I will show you. Here, you dog and slave" (addressing Umbopa in a savage tone), "give me the magic tube that speaks;" and I tipped a wink toward my express rifle.

Umbopa rose to the occasion, and with something as nearly resembling a grin as I have ever seen on his dignified face, handed me the rifle.

"It is here, oh, lord of lords," he said, with a deep obeisance.

Now, just before I asked for the rifle I had perceived a little klipspringer antelope standing on a mass of rock about seventy yards away, and determined to risk a shot at it.

"Ye see that buck," I said, pointing the animal out to the party before me. "Tell me, is it possible for man, born of woman, to kill it from here with a noise?"

"It is not possible, my lord," answered the old man.

"Yet shall I kill it," said I quietly.

The old man smiled. "That my lord cannot do," he said.

I raised the rifle and covered the buck. It was a small animal, and one which one might well be excused for missing, but I knew that it would not do to miss.

I drew a deep breath, and slowly pressed on the trigger. The buck stood still as stone.

"Bang! thud!" The buck sprung into the air and fell on the rock dead as a door-nail.

A groan of terror burst from the group before us.

"If ye want meat," I remarked coolly, "go fetch that buck."

The old man made a sign, and one of his followers departed, and presently returned bearing the klipspringer. I noticed, with satisfaction, that I had hit it fairly behind the shoulder. They gathered round the poor creature's body, gazing at the bullet-hole in consternation.

"Ye see," I said, "I do not speak empty words."

There was no answer.

"If ye yet doubt our power," I went on, "let one of ye go stand upon that rock that I may make him as this buck."

None of them seemed at all inclined to take the hint, till at last the king's son spoke.

"It is well said. Do thou, my uncle, go stand upon the rock. It is but a buck that the magic has killed. Surely it cannot kill a man."

The old gentleman did not take the suggestion in good part. Indeed, he seemed hurt.

"No! no!" he ejaculated hastily, "my old eyes have seen enough. These are wizards indeed. Let us bring them to the king. Yet if any should wish a further proof let him stand upon the rock, that the magic tube may speak with him."

There was a most general and hasty expression of dissent.

"Let not good magic be wasted on our poor bodies," said one; "we are satisfied. All the witchcraft of our people cannot show the like of this."

"It is so," remarked the old gentleman in a tone of intense relief; "without any doubt it is so. Listen, children of the stars, children of the shining eye and the movable teeth, who roar out in thunder and slay from afar. I am Infadoos, son of Kafa, once King of the Kukuana people. This youth is Scragga."

"He nearly scragged me," murmured Good.

"Scragga, son of Twala, the great king—Twala, husband of a thousand wives, chief and lord paramount of the Kukuanas, keeper of the great road, terror of his enemies, student of the Black Arts, leader of an hundred thousand warriors, Twala the One-eyed, the Black, the Terrible."

"So," said I superciliously, "lead us then to Twala. We do not talk with low people and underlings."

"It is well, my lords; we will lead you, but the way is long. We are hunting three days' journey from the place of the king. But let my lords have patience, and we will lead them."

"It is well," I said carelessly, "all time is before us, for we do not die. We are ready; lead on. But Infadoos, and thou, Scragga, beware! Play us no tricks, make for us no snares, for before your brains of mud have thought of them we shall know them and avenge them. The light from the transparent eye of him with the bare legs and the half-haired face" (Good) "shall destroy you, and go through your land; his vanishing teeth shall fix themselves fast in you and eat you up, you and your wives and children; the magic tubes shall talk with you loudly, and make you as sieves. Beware!"

This magnificent address did not fail of its effect; indeed, it was hardly needed, so deeply were our friends already impressed with our powers.

The old man made a deep obeisance, and murmured the word "Koom, Koom," which I afterward discovered was their royal salute, corresponding to the Bayete of the Zulus, and turning, addressed his followers. These at once proceeded to lay hold of all our goods and chattels, in order to bear them for us, excepting only the guns, which they would on no account touch. They even seized Good's clothes, which were, as the reader may remember, neatly folded up beside him.

He at once made a dive for them, and a loud altercation ensued.

"Let not my lord of the transparent eye and the melting teeth touch them," said the old man. "Surely his slaves shall carry the things."

"But I want to put 'em on!" roared Good, in nervous English.

Umbopa translated.

"Nay, my lord," put in Infadoos, "would my lord cover up his beautiful white legs" (although he was so dark, Good had a singularly white skin) "from the eyes of his servants? Have we offended my lord that he should do such a thing?"

Here I nearly exploded with laughing; and meanwhile, one of the men started on with the garments.

"Damn it!" roared Good, "that black villain has got my trousers."

"Look here, Good," said Sir Henry, "you have appeared in this country in a certain character, and you must live up to it. It will never do for you to put on trousers again.

Henceforth you must live in a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and an eye-glass."

"Yes," I said, "and with whiskers on one side of your face and not on the other. If you change any of these things they will think that we are impostors. I am very sorry for you, but, seriously, you must do it. If once they begin to suspect us our lives will not be worth a brass farthing."

"Do you really think so?" said Good gloomily.

"I do indeed. Your 'beautiful white legs' and your eye-glasses are now *the* feature of our party, and, as Sir Henry says, you must live up to them. Be thankful that you have got your boots on, and that the air is warm."

Good sighed, and said no more, but it took him a fortnight to get accustomed to his attire.—*From Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," copyright by Cassell & Co.*

J. B. Guthrie—"F. Anstey"

Venus Visits the Hair-Dresser

LEANDER had the house to himself after nightfall, and he remembered that his private door could not be opened now without a special key, and yet he could not help a fancy that some one was groping his way up the staircase outside.

"It's only the boards creaking, or the pipes leaking through," he thought. "I must have the place done up. But I'm as nervous as a cat to-night."

The steps were nearer and nearer; they stopped at the door; there was a loud, commanding blow on the panels.

"Who's here at this time of night?" cried Leander aloud. "Come in, if you want to!"

But the door remained shut, and there came another rap, even more imperious.

"I shall go mad if this goes on!" he muttered, and making a desperate rush to the door, threw it wide open, and then staggered back, panic-stricken.

Upon the threshold stood a tall figure in classical drapery. His eyes might have deceived him in the omnibus; but here, in the crude gas-light, he could not be mistaken. It was the statue he had last seen in Rosherwich Gardens—now, in some strange and wondrous way, moving—alive!

With slow and stately tread the statue advanced toward the centre of the hair-dresser's humble sitting-room, and stood there awhile, gazing about her with something of scornful wonder in her calm, cold face. As she turned her head, the wide, deeply cut sockets seemed the home of

shadowy eyes. Her face, her bared arms, and the long straight folds of her robe were all of the same grayish-yellow hue. The boards creaked under her sandalled feet, and Leander felt that he had never heard of a more appallingly massive ghost—if ghost indeed she were.

He had retired step by step before her to the hearth-rug, where he now stood shivering, with the fire hot at his back, and his kettle still singing on undismayed. He made no attempt to account for her presence there on any rationalising theory. A statue had suddenly come to life, and chosen to pay him a nocturnal visit; he knew no more than that, except that he would have given worlds for courage to show it the door.

The spectral eyes were bent upon him, as if in expectation that he would begin the conversation, and at last, with a very unmanageable tongue, he managed to observe, "Did you want to see me on—on business, mum?" But the statue only relaxed her lips in a haughty smile.

"For goodness' sake, say something!" he cried wildly, "unless you want me to jump out of winder! What is it you've come about?"

It seemed to him that in some way a veil had lifted from the stone face, leaving it illumined by a strange light, and from the lips came a voice which addressed him in solemn, far-away tones, as of one talking in sleep. He could not have said with certainty that the language was his own, though somehow he understood her perfectly.

"You know me not?" she said, with a kind of sad indifference.

"Well," Leander admitted, as politely as his terror would allow, "you certainly have the advantage of me for the moment, mum."

"I am Aphrodite the foam-born, the matchless seed of Ægis-bearing Zeus. Many names have I among the sons of men, and many temples, and I sway the hearts of all lovers; and gods—yea, and mortals—have burned for me, a goddess, with an unconsuming, unquenchable fire!"

"Lor!" said Leander. If he had not been so much flurried, he might have found a remark worthier of the occasion, but the announcement that she was a goddess took his breath away; he had quite believed that goddesses were long since "gone out."

"You know wherefore I am come hither?" she said.

"Not at this minute I don't," he replied. "You'll excuse me, but you can't be the statue out of those gardens? You really are so surprisingly like, that I couldn't help asking you."

"I am Aphrodite, and no statue. Long—how long I know not—have I lain entranced in slumber in my sea-girt isle of Cyprus, and now again has the living touch of a mortal hand upon one of my sacred images called me from my rest and given me power to animate this marble shell. Some hand has placed this ring upon my finger. Tell me, was it yours?"

Leander was almost reassured. After all, he could forgive her for terrifying him so much, since she had come on so good-natured an errand.

"Quite correct, mum—miss!" He wished he knew the proper form for addressing a goddess. "That ring is my property. I'm sure it's very civil and friendly of you to come all this way about it," and he held out his hand for it eagerly.

"And think you it was for this that I have visited the face of the earth and the haunts of men, and followed your

footsteps hither by roads strange and unknown to me? You are too modest, youth."

"I don't know what there is modest in expecting you to behave honest!" he said, rather wondering at his own audacity.

"How are you called?" she inquired suddenly on this; and after hearing the answer, remarked that the name was known to her as that of a goodly and noble youth who had perished for the sake of Hero.

"The gentleman may have been a connection of mine, for all I know," he said. "The Tweddles have always kep' themselves respectable. But I'm not a hero myself. I'm a hair-dresser."

She repeated the word thoughtfully, though she did not seem to quite comprehend it; and indeed it is likely enough that, however intelligible she was to Leander, the understanding was far from being entirely reciprocal.

She extended her hand to him, smiling not ungraciously. "Leander," she said, "cease to tremble, for a great happiness is yours. Bold have you been; yet am I not angered, for I come. Cast then away all fear, and know that Aphrodite disdains not to accept a mortal's plighted troth!"

Leander intrenched himself promptly behind the arm-chair. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he said. "How can I help fearing when you come down on me like this? Ask yourself."

"Can you not understand that your prayer is heard?" she demanded.

"*What* prayer?" cried Leander.

"Crass and gross-witted has the world grown!" said she. "A Greek swain would have needed but few words to divine his bliss. Know, then, that your suit is accepted; never yet has Aphrodite turned the humblest from her shrine. By this

symbol," and she lightly touched the ring, "you have given yourself to me. I accept the offering—you are mine!"

Leander was stupefied by such an unlooked-for misconception. He could scarcely believe his ears; but he hastened to set himself right at once.

"If you mean that you were under the impression that I meant anything in particular by putting that ring on, it was all a mistake, mum," he said; "I shouldn't have presumed to it!"

"Were you the lowliest of men, I care not," she replied. "To you I owe the power I now enjoy of life and vision, nor shall you find me ungrateful. But forbear this false humility; I like it not. Come, then, Leander, at the bidding of Cyprus; come, and fear nothing!"

But he feared very much, for he had seen the operas of "Don Giovanni" and "Zampa" and knew that any familiarity with statuary was likely to have unpleasant consequences. He merely strengthened his defences with a chair.

"You must excuse me, mum, you must, indeed," he faltered; "I can't come."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I've other engagements," he replied.

"I remember," she said slowly, "in the grove, when light met my eyes once more, there was a maid with you, one who laughed and was merry. Answer—is she your love?"

"No, she isn't," he said shortly. "What if she was?"

"If she were," observed the goddess, with the air of one who mentioned an ordinary fact, "I should crush her!"

"Lord bless me!" cried Leander in his horror, "what for?"

"Would not she be in my path? and shall any mortal maid stand between me and my desire?"

This was a discovery. She was a jealous and vengeful

goddess; she would require to be sedulously humoured, or harm would come.

"Well, well," he said soothingly, "there's nothing of that sort about her, I do assure you."

"Then I spare her," said the goddess. "But how, then, if this be truly so, do you still shrink from the honour before you?"

Leander felt a natural unwillingness to explain that it was because he was engaged to a young lady who kept the accounts at a florist's.

"Well, the fact is," he said awkwardly, "there's difficulties in the way."

"Difficulties? I can remove them all!" she said.

"Not *these* you can't, mum. It's like this: You and me, we don't start, so to speak, from the same basin. I don't mean it as any reproach to you, but you can't deny you're an 'eathen, and worse than that, an 'eathen goddess. Now all my family have been brought up as chapel folk, Primitive Methodists, and I've been trained to have a horror of superstition and idolatries, and see the folly of it. So you can see for yourself that we shouldn't be likely to get on together!"

"You talk words," she said impatiently; "but empty are they, and meaningless to my ears. One thing I learn from them—that you seek to escape me!"

"That's putting it too harsh, mum," he protested. "I'm sure I feel the honour of such a call; and, by the way, do you mind telling me how you got my address—how you found me out, I mean?"

"No one remains long hid from the searching eye of the high gods," she replied.

"So I should be inclined to say," agreed Leander. "But

only tell me this: wasn't it you in the omnibus? We call our public conveyances omnibuses, as perhaps you mayn't know."

"I, sea-born Aphrodite, *I* in a public conveyance, an omnibus? There is an impiety in such a question!"

"Well, I only thought it might have been," he stammered, rather relieved upon the whole that it was not the goddess who had seen his precipitate bolt from the vehicle. Who the female in the corner really was he never knew; though a man of science might account for the resemblance she bore to the statue by ascribing it to one of those preparatory impressions projected occasionally by a strong personality upon a weak one. But Leander was content to leave the matter unexplained.

"Let it suffice you," she said, "that I am here. Once more, Leander, are you prepared to fill the troth you have plighted?"

"I—I can't say I am," he said. "Not that I don't feel thankful for having had the refusal of so very 'igh-class an opportunity; but, as I'm situated at present—what with the state of trade, and unbelief so rampant, and all—I'm obliged to decline with respectful thanks."

He trusted that after this she would see the propriety of going.

"Have a care," she said; "you are young and not uncomely, and my heart pities you. Do nothing rash. Pause ere you rouse the implacable ire of Aphrodite!"

"Thank you," said Leander; "if you'll allow me, I will. I don't want any ill-feeling, I'm sure. It's my wish to live peaceable with all men."

"I leave you then. Use the time before you till I come again in thinking well whether he acts wisely who spurns

the proffered hand of Idalian Aphrodite. For the present, farewell, Leander."

He was overjoyed at his coming deliverance. "Good-evening, mum," he said, as he ran to the door and held it open; "if you'll allow me, I'll light you down the staircase —it's rather dark, I'm afraid."

"*Fool!*" she said with scorn, and without stirring from her place; and, as she spoke the word, the veil seemed to descend over her face again, the light faded out, and, with a slight shudder, the figure imperceptibly resumed its normal attitude, the drapery stiffened into chiselled folds again, and the statue was soulless as are statues generally.

For some time after the statue had ceased to give signs of life, the hair-dresser remained gaping, incapable of thought or action. At last he ventured to approach cautiously, and on touching the figure found it perfectly cold and hard. The animating principle had plainly departed and left the statue a stone.

"She's gone," he said, "and left her statue behind her! Well, of all the *goes!*"—"*The Tinted Venus.*"

Bernard Shaw

Lines from the Plays

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.

If you are going to pick and choose your acquaintances on moral principles, you had better clear out of this country, unless you want to cut yourself out of all decent society.

What right have you to choose your own father?

The great advantage of a hotel is that it's a refuge from home life.

It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die.

There is no satisfaction in hanging a man who does not object to it.

The truth is the one thing that nobody will believe.

A coquette is a woman who rouses passions she has no intention of gratifying.

Marriage is so popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

The formation of a young lady's mind and character usually consists in telling her lies.

It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can.

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable.

We are ashamed of everything that is real about us—ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions, of our experience, just as we are of our naked skins.

Jerome K. Jerome

The Stage Lawyer

He is very old, and very long, and very thin. He has white hair. He dresses in the costume of the last generation but seven. He has bushy eyebrows, and is clean-shaven. His chin itches considerably, so that he has to be always scratching it. His favourite remark is "Ah."

In real life we have heard of young solicitors, of foppish solicitors, of short solicitors; but on the stage they are always very thin and very old. The youngest stage solicitor we ever remember to have seen, looked about sixty—the oldest, about a hundred and forty-five. . . .

The stage lawyer never has any office of his own. He transacts all his business at his clients' houses. He will travel hundreds of miles to tell them the most trivial piece of legal information.

It never occurs to him how much simpler it would be to write a letter. The item for "travelling expenses," in his bill of costs, must be something enormous.

There are two moments in the course of his client's career that the stage lawyer particularly enjoys. The first is when the client comes unexpectedly into a fortune; the second, when he unexpectedly loses it.

In the former case, upon learning the good news, the stage lawyer at once leaves his business, and hurries off to the other end of the kingdom to bear the glad tidings. He arrives at the humble domicile of the beneficiary in question, sends up his card, and is ushered into the front parlour. He

enters mysteriously, and sits left, client sits right. An ordinary, common lawyer would come to the point at once, state the matter in a plain, business-like way, and trust that he might have the pleasure of representing, etc. But such simple methods are not those of the stage lawyer. He looks at the client, and says:

"You had a father."

The client starts. How on earth did this calm, thin, keen-eyed old man in black know that he had a father? He shuffles and stammers, but the quiet, impenetrable lawyer fixes his cold, glassy eye on him, and he is helpless. Subterfuge, he feels, is useless, and amazed, bewildered, at the knowledge of his most private affairs possessed by his strange visitant, he admits the fact: he had a father.

The lawyer smiles with a quiet smile of triumph, and scratches his chin.

"You had a mother, too, if I am informed correctly," he continues.

It is idle attempting to escape this man's supernatural acuteness, and the client owns up to having had a mother also.

From this, the lawyer goes on to communicate to the client, as a great secret, the whole of his (the client's) history from his cradle upward, and also the history of his nearer relatives, and in less than half an hour from the old man's entrance, or, say, forty minutes at the outside, the client almost knows what the business is about.

On the other occasion, when the client has lost his fortune, the stage lawyer is even still happier. He comes down himself to tell the misfortune (he would not miss the job for worlds), and he takes care to choose the most unpropitious moment possible for breaking the news. On the eldest

daughter's birthday, when there is a big party on, is his favourite time. He comes in about midnight, and tells them just as they are going down to supper.

He has no idea of business hours, has the stage lawyer—to make the thing as unpleasant as possible seems to be his only anxiety.

If he cannot work it for a birthday, then he waits till there's a wedding on, and gets up early in the morning on purpose to run down and spoil the show. To enter among a crowd of happy, joyous fellow-creatures, and leave them utterly crushed and miserable is the stage lawyer's hobby.

The stage lawyer is a very talkative gentleman. He regards the telling of his client's most private affairs to every stranger that he meets as part of his professional duties. A good gossip, with a few chance acquaintances, about the family secrets of his employers, is food and drink for the stage lawyer.

They all go about telling their own and their friends' secrets, to perfect strangers, on the stage. Whenever two people have five minutes to spare, on the stage, they tell each other the story of their lives. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story of my life," is the stage equivalent for the "Come and have a drink," of the outside world.

The good stage lawyer has generally nursed the heroine on his knee, when a baby (when *she* was a baby, we mean)—when she was only *so* high. It seems to have been a part of his professional duties. The good stage lawyer also kisses all the pretty girls in the play, and is expected to chuck the housemaid under the chin. It is good to be a good stage lawyer.

The good stage lawyer also wipes away a tear when sad things happen; and he turns away to do this, and blows his

nose, and says he thinks he has a fly in his eye. This touching trait in his character is always held in great esteem by the audience, and is much applauded.

The good stage lawyer is never, by any chance, a married man. (Few good men are, so we gather from our married lady friends.) He loved, in early life, the heroine's mother. That "sainted woman" (tear and nose business) died, and is now among the angels. The gentleman who did marry her, by-the-bye, is not quite so sure about this latter point, but the lawyer is fixed on the idea.

In stage literature of a frivolous nature, the lawyer is a very different individual. In comedy, he is young, he possesses chambers, and he is married (there is no doubt about this latter fact); and his wife and his mother-in-law spend most of the day in his office, and make the dull old place quite lively for him.—"*Stage-Land.*"

J. M. Barrie

A Humourist on His Calling

TAMMAS put his foot on the pail.

"I tak no credit," he said modestly, on the evening, I remember, of Willie Pyatt's funeral, "in bein' able to speak wi' a sort o' faceelity on topics 'at I've made my ain."

"Aye," said T'nowhead, "but it's no the faceelity o' speakin' 'at taks me. There's Davit Lunan 'at can speak like as if he had learned it aff a paper, an' yet I canna thole 'im."

"Davit," said Hendry, "doesna speak in a wy 'at a body can follow 'im. He doesna gae even on. Jess says he's juist like a man aye at the cross-roads, an' no sure o' his way. But the stock has words, an' no ilka body has that."

"If I was bidden to put Tammas's gift in a word," said T'nowhead, "I would say 'at he had a wy. That's what I would say."

"Weel, I suppose I have," Tammas admitted, "but, wy or no wy, I couldna put a point on my words if it wasna for my sense o' humour. Lads, humour's what gies the nip to speakin'."

"It's what maks ye a sarcesticist, Tammas," said Hendry; "but what I wonder at is yer sayin' the humourous things sae aisy-like. Some says ye mak them up aforehand, but I ken that's no true."

"No, only is't no true," said Tammas, "but it couldna be true. Them 'at says sic things, an' weel I ken you're meanin' Davit Lunan, hasna nae idea o' what humour is. It's a

thing 'at spouts oot o' its ain accord. Some o' the maist humourous things I've ever said cam oot, as a body may say, by themselves."

"I suppose that's the case," said T'nowhead; "an' yet it maun be you 'at brings them up?"

"There's no nae doubt about its bein' the case," said Tammas; "for I've watched mysel' often. There was a vera guid instance occurred sune after I married Easie. The earl's son met me one day, aboot that time, i' the Tenements, an' he didna ken 'at Chirsty was deid, an' I'd married again. 'Well, Haggart,' he says, in his frank wy, 'and how is your wife?' 'She's vera weel, sir,' I maks answer, 'but she's no the ane you mean.'"

"Na, he meant Chirsty," said Hendry.

"Is that a' the story?" asked T'nowhead.

Tammas had been looking at us queerly.

"There's no nane o' ye lauchin'," he said, "but I can assure ye the earl's son gaed east the toon lauchin' like onything."

"But what was't he lauched at?"

"Ou," said Tammas, "a humourist doesna tell whaur the humour comes in."

"No, but when you said that, did ye mean it to be humourous?"

"Am no sayin' I did, but as I've been tellin' ye humour spouts oot by itsel'."

"Aye, but do ye ken noo what the earl's son gaed awa lauchin' at?"

Tammas hesitated.

"I dinna exactly see't," he confessed, "but that's no an oncommon thing. A humourist would often no ken 'at he was ane if it wasna by the wy he maks other fowk lauch.

'A body canna be expeckit baith to mak the joke an' to see't. Na, that would be doin' twa fowks' wark."

"Weel, that's reasonable enough, but I've often seen ye lauchin'," said Hendry, "lang afore other fowk lauched."

"Nae doubt," Tammas explained, "an' that's because humour has twa sides, juist like a penny piece. When I say a humourous thing mysel' I'm dependent on other fowk to tak note o' the humour o't, bein' mysel' taen up wi' the makkin' o't. Aye, but there's things I see an' hear 'at maks me laucht, an' that's the other side o' humour."

"I never heard it put sae plain afore," said T'nowhead, "an', sal, am no nane sure but what am a humourist too."

"Na, na, no you, T'nowhead," said Tammas hotly.

"Weel," continued the farmer, "I never set up for bein' a humourist, but I can juist assure ye 'at I lauch at queer things too. No lang syne I woke up i' my bed lauchin' like onything, an' Lisbeth thocht I wasna weel. It was something I dreamed 'at made me lauch, I couldna think what it was, but I lauched richt. Was that no fell like a humourist?"

"That was neither here nor there," said Tammas. "Na, dreams dinna coont, for we're no responsible for them. Aye, an' what's mair, the mere lauchin's no the important side o' humour, even though ye hinna to be telt to lauch. The important side's the other side, the sayin' the humourous things. I'll tell ye what: the humourist's like a man firin' at a target —he doesna ken whether he hits or no till them at the target tells 'im."

"I would be of opeenion," said Hendry, who was one of Tammas's most stanch admirers, "'at another mark o' the rale humourist was his seein' humour in all things."

Tammas shook his head—a way he had when Hendry advanced theories.

"I dinna haud wi' that ava," he said. "I ken fine 'at Davit Lunan gaes aboot sayin' he sees humour in everything, but there's nae surer sign 'at he's no a genuine humourist. Na, the rale humourist kens vara weel 'at there's subjects withoot a spark o' humour in them. When a subject rises to the sublime it should be regarded philosophically, an' no humorously. Davit would lauch 'at the grandest thochts, whaur they only fill the true humourist wi' awe. I've found it necessary to rebuke 'im at times whaur his lauchin' was oot o' place. He pretended aince on this vera spot to see humour i' the origin o' cock-fightin'."

"Did he, man?" said Hendry. "I wasna here. But what is the origin o' cock-fechtin'?"

"It was a' i' the *Cheap Magazine,*" said T'nowhead.

"Was I sayin' it wasna?" demanded Tammas. "It was through me readin' the account oot o' the *Cheap Magazine* 'at the discussion arose."

"But what said the *Cheapy* was the origin o' cock-fechtin'?"

"T'nowhead'll tell ye," answered Tammas; "he says I dinna ken."

"I never said naething o' the kind," returned T'nowhead indignantly; "I mind o' ye readin't oot fine."

"Aye, weel," said Tammas, "that's a' richt. Ou, the origin o' cock-fightin' gangs back to the time o' the Greek wars, a thousand or twa years syne, mair or less. There was ane, Miltiades by name, 'at was the captain o' the Greek army, an' one day he led them doon the mountains to attack the biggest army 'at was ever gathered thegither."

"They were Persians," interposed T'nowhead.

"Are you tellin' the story, or am I?" asked Tammas. "I kent fine 'at they were Persians. Weel, Miltiades had the matter o' twenty thousand men wi' 'im, and when they got to the foot o' the mountain, behold there was two cocks fechtin'."

"Man, man," said Hendry, "an' was there cocks in thae days?"

"Ondoubtedly," said Tammas, "or hoo could thae twa hae been fechtin'?"

"Ye have me there, Tammas," admitted Hendry. "Ye're perfectly richt."

"Aye, then," continued the stone-breaker, "when Miltiades saw the cocks at it wi' all their micht, he stopped the army and addressed it. 'Behold!' he cried, at the top o' his voice, 'these cocks do not fight for their household gods, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for their children, but only because the one will not give way unto the other.'"

"It was nobly said," declared Hendry. "Na, cocks wouldna hae sae muckle understandin' as to fecht for thae things. I wouldna wonder but what it was some laddies 'at set them at ane another."

"Hendry doesna see what Miltydes was after," said T'nowhead.

"Ye've taen't up wrang, Hendry," Tammas explained. "What Miltiades meant was 'at if cocks could fecht sae weel oot o' mere deviltry, surely the Greeks would fecht terrible for their gods an' their bairns an' the other things."

"I see, I see. But what was the monuments o' their ancestors?"

"Ou, that was the gravestanes they put up i' their kirkyards."

"I wonder the other billies would want to tak them awa. They would be a michty wecht."

"Aye, but they wanted them, an' nat'rally the Greeks stuck to the stanes they paid for."

"So, so, an' did Davit Lunan mak oot 'at there was humour in that?"

"He did so. He said it was a humourous thing to think o' a hale army lookin' on at twa cocks fechtin'. I assure ye I telt 'im 'at I saw nae humour in't. It was ane o' the most impressive sichts ever seen by man, an' the Greeks was sae inspired by what Miltiades said 'at they sweepit the Persians oot o' their country."

We all agreed that Tammas's was the genuine humour.

"An' an enviable possession it is," said Hendry.

"In a wy," admitted Tammas, "but no in a' wys."

He hesitated, and then added in a low voice:

"As sure as death, Hendry, it sometimes taks grip o' me i' the kirk itsel', an' I can hardly keep frae lauchin'."

—"*A Window in Thrums.*"

A Home for Geniuses

From hints he had dropped at odd times I knew that Tammas Haggart had a scheme for geniuses, but not until the evening after Jamie's arrival did I get it out of him. Hendry was with Jamie at the fishing, and it came about that Tammas and I had the pig-sty to ourselves.

"Of course," he said, when we had got a grip of the subject, "I doun't pretend as my ideas is to be followed without deeviation, but ondootedly something should be done for

geniuses, them bein' aboot the only class as we do naething for. Yet they're fowk to be prood o', an' we shouldna let them overdo the thing, nor run into debt; na, na. There was Robbie Burns, noo, as real a genius as ever——"

At the pig-sty, where we liked to have more than one topic, we had frequently to tempt Tammas away from Burns.

"Your scheme," I interposed, "is for living geniuses, of course?"

"Aye," he said thoughtfully, "them 'at's gone canna be brocht back. Weel, my idea is 'at a home should be built for geniuses at the public expense, whaur they could all live thegither, an be decently looked after. Na, no in London; that's no my plan, but I would hae't within an hour's distance o' London, say five mile frae the market-place, an' standin' in a bit garden, whaur the geniuses could walk aboot arm in arm, composin' their minds."

"You would have the grounds walled in, I suppose, so that the public could not intrude?"

"Weel, there's a difficulty there, because, ye'll observe, as the public would support the institootion, they would hae a kind o' richt to look in. How-some-ever, I daur say we could arrange to fling the grounds open to the public once a week on condition 'at they didna speak to the geniuses. I'm thinkin' 'at if there was a small chairge for admission the home could be made self-supportin'. Losh! to think 'at if there had been sic an institootion in his time a man might hae sat on the bit dike and watched Robbie Burns danderin' roond the——"

"You would divide the home into suites of rooms, so that every inmate would have his own apartments?"

"Not by no means; na, na. The mair I read aboot geniuses the mair clearly I see as their wy o' living alane ower

muckle is ane o' the things as breaks doon their health and makes them meeserable. I' the home they would hae a bedroom apiece, but the parlour an' the other sittin'-rooms would be for all, so as they could enjoy ane another's company. The management? Oh, that's aisy! The superintendent would be a medical man appointed by Parliament, and he would hae men-servants to do his biddin'."

"Not all men-servants, surely?"

"Every one o' them. Man, geniuses is no to be trusted wi' womenfolk. No, even Robbie Bu——"

"So he did; but would the inmates have to put themselves entirely in the superintendent's hands?"

"Nae doubt; an' they would see it was the wisest thing they could do. He would be careful o' their health, an' send them early to bed as weel as hae them up at eight sharp. Geniuses' healths is always breakin' doon because of late hours, as in the case o' the lad wha used often to begin his immortal writin's at twal o'clock at nicht, a thing 'at would ruin ony constitootion. But the superintendent would see as they had a tasty supper at nine o'clock—something as agreed wi' them. Then for half an hour they would quiet their brains readin' oot aloud, time about, frae sic a book as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an' the gas would be turned aff at ten preceesely."

"When would you have them up in the morning?"

"At sax in summer an' seven in winter. The superintendent would see as they were all properly bathed every mornin', cleanliness bein' most important for the preservation o' health."

"This sounds well. But suppose a genius broke the rules —lay in bed, for instance, reading by the light of a candle after hours, or refused to take his bath in the morning?"

"The superintendent would hae to punish him. The genius would be sent back to his bed, maybe. An' if he lay lang i' the mornin' he would hae to gang withoot his breakfast."

"That would be all very well where the inmate only broke the regulations once in a way. But suppose he were to refuse to take his bath day after day—and, you know, geniuses are said to be eccentric in that particular—what would be done? You could not starve him; geniuses are too scarce."

"Na, na; in a case like that he would hae to be reported to the public. The thing would hae to come afore the Hoose of Commons. Aye, the superintendent would get a member o' the opposeetion to ask a queistion such as, 'Can the honourable gentleman, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, inform the Hoose whether it is a fac that Mr. Sic-a-one, the well-known genius, at present resident in the Home for Geniuses, has, contrairy to regulations, perseestently and obstinately refused to change his linen; and if so, whether the Government proposes to take ony steps in the matter?' The newspapers would report the discussion next mornin', an' so it would be made public withoot onnecessary ootlay."

"In a general way, however, you would give the geniuses perfect freedom? They could work when they liked, and come and go when they liked?"

"Not so. The superintendent would fix the hours o' wark, an' they would all write, or whatever it was, thegither in one large room. Man, man! it would mak a grand draw for a painter-chield, that room, wi' all the geniuses working awa thegither."

"But when the labours of the day were over, the genius would be at liberty to make calls by himself or to run up, say, to London for an hour or two?"

"Hoots no, that would spoil everything. It's the drink, ye see, as does for a terrible lot o' geniuses. Even Rob——"

"Alas! yes. But would you have them all teetotalers?"

"What do ye tak me for? Na, na; the superintendent would allow them one glass o' toddy every nicht, an' mix it himsel'; but he would never let the keys o' the press, whaur he kept the drink, oot o' his hands. They would never be allowed oot o' the gairden either, withoot a man to look after them; an' I wouldna burthen them wi' ower muckle pocket-money. Saxpence in the week would be suffeecient."

"How about their clothes?"

"They would get twa suits a year, wi' the letter G sewed on the shoulders, so as if they were lost they could be recognised and brocht back."

"Certainly it is a scheme deserving consideration, and I have no doubt our geniuses would jump at it. But you must remember that some of them would have wives."

"Aye, an' some o' them would hae husbands. I've been thinkin' that oot, an' I daur say the best plan would be to partition aff a pairt o' the home for female geniuses."

"Would Parliament elect the members?"

"I wouldna trust them. The election would hae to be by competitive examination. Na, I canna say wha would draw up the queistions. The scheme's juist growin' i' my mind, but the mair I think o't the better I like it."

—*"A Window in Thrums."*

Postal Facilities at Thrums

A RAILWAY line runs into Thrums now. The sensational days of the post-office were when the letters were conveyed officially in a creaking old cart from Tilliedrum. The "pony" had seen better days than the cart, and always looked as if he were just on the point of succeeding in running away from it. Hooky Crewe was driver; so-called because an iron hook was his substitute for a right arm: Robbie Proctor, the blacksmith, made the hook and fixed it in. Crewe suffered from rheumatism, and when he felt it coming on he stayed at home. Sometimes his cart came undone in a snow-drift; when Hooky, extricated from the fragments by some chance wayfarer, was deposited with his mail-bag (of which he always kept a grip by the hook) in a farm-house. It was his boast that his letters always reached their destination eventually. They might be a long time about it, but "slow *and* sure" was his motto. Hooky emphasised his "slow *and* sure" by taking a snuff. He was a godsend to the postmistress, for to his failings or the infirmities of his gig were charged all delays.

At the time I write of, the posting of the letter took as long and was as serious an undertaking as the writing. That means a good deal, for many of the letters were written to dictation by the Thrums schoolmaster, Mr. Fleemister, who belonged to the Auld Kirk. He was one of the few persons in the community who looked upon the despatch of his letters by the postmistress as his right, and not a favour on her part. There was a long-standing feud between them accordingly. After a few tumblers of Widow Stable's treacle

beer—in the concoction of which she was the acknowledged mistress for miles around—the schoolmaster would sometimes go the length of hinting that he could get the postmistress dismissed any day. This mighty power seemed to rest on a knowledge of "steamed" letters. Thrums had a high respect for the schoolmaster; but among themselves the weavers agreed that, even if he did write to the Government, Lizzie Harrison, the postmistress, would refuse to transmit the letter. The more shrewd ones among us kept friends with both parties; for, unless you could write "writhand," you could not compose a letter without the schoolmaster's assistance; and, unless Lizzie was so courteous as to send it to its destination, it might lie—or so it was thought—much too long in the box. A letter addressed by the schoolmaster found great disfavour in Lizzie's eyes. You might explain to her that you had merely called in his assistance because you were a poor hand at writing yourself, but that was held no excuse. Some addressed their own envelopes with much labour, and sought to palm off the whole as their handiwork. It reflects on the postmistress somewhat that she had generally found them out by next day, when, if in a specially vixenish mood, she did not hesitate to upbraid them for their perfidy.

To post a letter you did not merely saunter to the post-office and drop it into the box. The cautious correspondent first went into the shop and explained to Lizzie how matters stood. She kept what she called a bookseller's shop as well as the post-office; but the supply of books corresponded exactly to the lack of demand for them, and her chief trade was in knick-knacks, from marbles and money-boxes up to concertinas. If he found the postmistress in an amiable mood, which was only now and then, the caller led up

craftily to the object of his visit. Having discussed the weather and the potato-disease, he explained that his sister Mary, whom Lizzie would remember, had married a fishmonger in Dundee. The fishmonger had lately started on himself and was doing well. They had four children. The youngest had had a severe attack of measles. No news had been got of Mary for twelve months, and Annie, his other sister, who lived in Thrums, had been at him of late for not writing. So he had written a few lines; and, in fact, he had the letter with him. The letter was then produced, and examined by the postmistress. If the address was in the schoolmaster's handwriting, she professed her inability to read it. Was this a *t* or an *l* or an *i*? Was that a *b* or a *d*? This was a cruel revenge on Lizzie's part; for the sender of the letter was completely at her mercy. The schoolmaster's name being tabooed in her presence, he was unable to explain that the writing was not his own; and as for deciding between the *t's* and *l's*, he could not do it. Eventually he would be directed to put the letter into the box. They would do their best with it, Lizzie said, but in a voice that suggested how little hope she had of her efforts to decipher it proving successful.

There was an opinion among some of the people that the letter should not be stamped by the sender. The proper thing to do was to drop a penny for the stamp into the box along with the letter, and then Lizzie would see that it was all right. Lizzie's acquaintance with the handwriting of every person in the place who could write gave her a great advantage. You would perhaps drop into her shop some day to make a purchase, when she would calmly produce a letter you had posted several days before. In explanation she would tell you that you had not put a stamp on it,

or that she suspected there was money in it, or that you had addressed it to the wrong place.

I remember an old man, a relative of my own, who happened for once in his life to have several letters to post at one time. The circumstance was so out of the common that he considered it only reasonable to make Lizzie a small present.—"*Auld Licht Idylls.*"

"Then let's try a fresh cast—unless you'll finish Georgy Vane's."

"Well, here's Cousin Susan's. She's an old maid, you know. It's very long. Here's a bit: 'Woman has it in her power to exercise a sacred influence. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lord Mickleham, but I hope, my dear, that you will use your power over him for good. It is useless for me to deny that when you stayed with me, I thought you were addicted to frivolity. Doubtless marriage will sober you. Try to make a good use of its lessons. I am sending you a biscuit tin'—and so on."

"A very proper letter," said I.

Miss Dolly indulged in a slight grimace, and took up another letter.

"This," she said, "is from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Algernon Foster."

"A daughter of Lord Doldrums, wasn't she?"

"Yes. 'My dear Dorothea—I have heard your news. I do hope it will turn out happily. I believe that any woman who *conscientiously* does her duty can find happiness in married life. Her husband and children occupy all her time and all her thoughts, and if she can look for few of the *lighter* pleasures of life, she has at least the knowledge that she is of *use* in the world. Please accept the accompanying volumes (it's Browning) as a small—' I say, Mr. Carter, do you think it's really like that?"

"There is still time to draw back," I observed.

"Oh, don't be silly. Here, this is my brother Tom's. 'Dear Doll—I thought Mickleham rather an ass when I met him, but I dare say you know best. What's his place like? Does he take a moor? I thought I read that he kept a yacht. Does he? Give him my love and a kiss.

Good luck, old girl.—Tom. P. S.—I'm glad it's not me, you know.'"

"A disgusting letter," I observed.

"Not at all," said Miss Dolly, dimpling. "It's just like dear old Tom. Listen to grandpapa's. 'My dear granddaughter—The alliance (I rather like its being called an alliance, Mr. Carter. It sounds like the royal family, doesn't it?) you are about to contract is in all respects a suitable one. I send you my blessing and a small check to help toward your trousseau.—Yours affectionately, Jno. Wm. Foster.'"

"That," said I, "is the best up to now."

"Yes, it's five hundred," said she, smiling. "Here's old Lady M's."

"*Whose?*" I exclaimed.

"Archie's mother's, you know. 'My dear Dorothea (as I suppose I must call you now)—Archibald has informed us of his engagement, and I and the girls (there are five girls, Mr. Carter) hasten to welcome his bride. I am sure Archie will make his wife very happy. He is rather particular (like his dear father), but he has a good heart, and is not fidgety about his meals. Of course we shall be *delighted* to move out of The Towers at once. I hope we shall see a great deal of you soon. Archie is full of your praises, and we thoroughly trust his taste. Archie—' It's all about Archie, you see."

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I count a little too. Oh, look here. Here's Cousin Fred's—but he's always so silly. I sha'n't read you his."

"Oh, just a bit of it," I pleaded.

"Well, here's one bit. 'I suppose I can't murder him,

so I must wish him joy. All I can say is, Dolly, that he's the luckiest (something I can't read—either fellow or—devil) I ever heard of. I wonder if you've forgotten that evening——'"

"Well, go on." For she stopped.

"Oh, there's nothing else."

"In fact, you have forgotten the evening?"

"Entirely," said Miss Dolly, tossing her head. "But he sends me a love of a bracelet. He can't possibly pay for it, poor boy."

"Young knave!" said I severely. (I have paid for my pearl heart.)

"Then come a lot from girls. Oh, there's one from Maud Tottenham—she's a second cousin, you know—it's rather amusing. 'I used to know your *fiancé* slightly. He seemed very nice, but it's a long while ago, and I never saw much of him. I hope he is really fond of you, and that it is not a mere *fancy*. Since you love him so much, it would be a pity if he did not care deeply for you.'"

"Interpret, Miss Dolly," said I.

"She tried to catch him herself," said Miss Dolly.

"Ah, I see. Is that all?"

"The others aren't very interesting."

"Then let's finish Georgy Vane's."

"Really?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes. Really."

"Oh, if you don't mind, I don't," said she, laughing, and she hunted out the pink note and spread it before her. "Let me see. Where was I? Oh, here. 'I thought you were going to be silly and throw away your chances on some of the men who used to flirt with you. Archie Mickleham may not be a genius, but he's a good fellow and a

swell and rich; he's not a pauper, like Phil Meadows, or a snob, like Charlie Dawson, or—' *Shall* I go on, Mr. Carter? No, I won't. I didn't see what it was."

"Yes, you shall go on."

"Oh, no, I can't," and she folded up the letter.

"Then I will," and I'm ashamed to say I snatched the letter. Miss Dolly jumped to her feet. I fled behind the table. She ran round. I dodged.

"'Or—'" I began to read.

"Stop!" cried she.

"'Or a young spendthrift like that man—I forget his name—whom you used to go on with at such a pace at Monte Carlo last winter.'"

"Stop!" she cried, stamping her foot. I read on:

"'No doubt he was charming, my dear, and no doubt anybody would have thought you meant it; but I never doubted you. Still, weren't you just a little——'"

"Stop!" she cried. "You must stop, Mr. Carter."

So then I stopped. I folded the letter and handed it back to her. Her cheeks flushed red as she took it.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said she, biting her lip.

"I was at Monte Carlo last winter myself," said I.

"Lord Mickleham," said the butler, throwing open the door.—*From A. H. Hawkins's "The Dolly Dialogues," copyright by Henry Holt & Co.*

Rudyard Kipling

Study of an Elevation, in Indian Ink

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is seven years junior to Me;
Each bridge that he makes either buckles or breaks,
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him your hand,
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is dear to the Powers that Be;
For They bow and They smile in an affable style
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is certain as certain can be
Of a highly paid post which is claimed by a host
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well,
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

—*"Departmental Ditties."*

Oonts!

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?
It isn't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.
Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the commissariat *oont!*
With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes.
We packs 'im like a idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im grunt,
An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night is drorin' in,
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?

It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans frum the 'ills,
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is blessed frills!
Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the hairy, scary *oont!*
A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the night-alarm.
We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole, an' 'eads 'im off in front,
'An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.
Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the Gawd-forsaken *oont!*
The 'umpy-lumpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies,
'E's blocked the 'ole division from the rear-guard to the front,
An' when we gets 'im up again—the beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells most awful vile;
'E'll lose 'imself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile;
'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole night through,
'An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself in two.

Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the floppin', droppin' *oont!*
When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,
The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes is out in front,
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the roads is blind,
An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots be'ind,
Oh, then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets revenge at last.
Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the *oont,* Oh, the floatin', bloatin' *oont!*
The late lamented camel in the water-cut he lies;
We keeps a mile behind 'im, an' we keeps a mile in front,
But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and then o' course we dies.

—*"Barrack-Room Ballads."*

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

"Did I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had, of her own good love and free-

will, washed a shirt for me, moving in a barren land where washing was not.

"I can't remember," I said casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

The story of Annie Bragin is written in another place. It is one of the many episodes in Mulvaney's checkered career.

"Before—before—long before was that business av Annie Bragin an' the corp'ril's ghost. Never woman was the worse for me whin I had married Dinah. There's a time for all things, an' I know how to kape all things in place—barrin' the dhrink, that kapes me in my place, wid no hope av comin' to be aught else."

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted. "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney piously. "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued:

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. I did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst towld you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. For the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk whatever was widin my reach an' digested ut, an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av hiven, I could play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and

smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Coulhan, of the battery we'll have down on us to-night, could dhrive his team no better than I mine; an' I hild the worser cattle. An' so I lived an' so I was happy, till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile, an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work, conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sarjint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me. ''Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' sez mesilf to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamour from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake av spakin' to our owld colour-sarjint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmenfolk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuced afterward; but a corp'ril then. I've got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez he. 'I will that,' I sez; 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.' ''Twud be

better for you if ut were,' sez owld Mother Shadd. An' she had ought to know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrank bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair, lookin' round at the china ornamints an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belong to a woman, an' no camp kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sarjint,' sez I. 'Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to owld Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head apon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste-paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me moustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels."

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the gin'ral theory of the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. "If you read the 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,' which never any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had gone too),

'Mother av Hiven, sarjint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez owld Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' ''Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekase you've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez owld Mother Shadd. 'I'll thraipse no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Thry me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gen'ral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery-window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'lryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her! Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin'

the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day —owld Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an', 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av Satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarthers. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lryman not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quarthered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, 'e shovel-futted clod-breakin' infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I could gyard he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Grays orf'cer. 'Content?' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!'

"He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarther the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't riding-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in me left an' his waist-belt in me right an' swung him clear to me right front, head undher, he hammerin' me nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back."

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked, for I fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible blow.

"He pitched on his left shoulder-point. Ut was. Next day the news was in both barricks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'mintal tailors' samples, there was no 'Good-mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd," says I, very bowld, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

"'Ye've half-killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes filling up.

"'Maybe,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?'

"'Yes,' sez she, very bowld; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?'

"'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"'Did you fight for me, then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

"'That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she, in a saint's whisper; an' at that I explained mesilf; an' she towld me that iv'ry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah darlin'?' sez I.

"'Your—your bloody cheek,' says she, duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel.

"Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumble-ways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to owld Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' she said it was no bad thing; an' owld Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to howld me. Begad, I cud ha' picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruities at squad drill, an' began with general battalion advance whin I should ha' been balance-steppin' em. Eyah! that day! that day!"

A very long pause. "Well?" said I.

"It was all wrong," said Mulvaney, with an enormous sigh. "An' sure I know that iv'ry bit uv ut was me own foolishness. That night I tuk maybe the half of three pints —not enough to turn the hair of a man in his natural sinses. But I was more than half-dhrunk wid pure joy, an' that canteen beer was so much whisky to me. I can't tell how ut came about, but bekase I had no thought for any wan except Dinah, bekase I hadn't slipped her little white arms from me neck five minutes, bekase the breath av her kiss was not gone from my mouth, I must go through the married lines on me way to quarthers, an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed Mullengar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, the wife av Nick Sheehy, the canteen-sarjint—the black curse av Shielygh be on the whole brood that are above groun' this day!

"'An' what are ye howldin' your head that high for, corp'ril?' sez Judy. 'Come in an' thry a cup av tay,' she sez, standin' in the door-way.

"Bein' an onbustable fool, an' thinkin' av anythin' but tay, I wint.

"'Mother's at canteen,' sez Judy, smoothin' the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an' lookin' at me corner-ways out av her green cat's eyes. 'Ye will not mind, corp'ril?'

"'I can endure,' sez I. 'Owld Mother Sheehy bein' no divarsion av mine, nor her daughter too.' Judy fetched the tea-things an' put thim on the table, leanin' over me very close to get them square. I dhrew back, thinkin' of Dinah.

"'Is ut afraid you are av a girl alone?' sez Judy.

"'No,' sez I. 'Why should I be?'

"'That rests wid the girl,' sez Judy, dhrawin' her chair next to mine.

"'Thin there let ut rest,' sez I; an' thinkin' I'd been a

trifle onpolite, I sez, 'The tay's not quite sweet enough for me taste. Put your little finger in the cup, Judy; 'twill make ut necthar.'

"'What's necthar?' sez she.

"'Somethin' very sweet,' sez I; an' for the sinful life av me I cud not help lookin' at her out av the corner av my eye, as I was used to look at a woman.

"'Go on wid ye, corp'ril,' sez she. 'You're a flirt.'

"'On me sowl I'm not,' sez I.

"'Then you're a cruel, handsome man, an' that's worse,' sez she, heavin' big sighs an' looking crossways.

"'You know your own mind,' sez I.

"''Twud be better for me if I did not,' she sez.

"'There's a dale to be said on both sides av that,' sez I, unthinkin'.

"'Say your own part av ut, then, Terence darlin',' sez she; 'for begad I'm thinkin' I've said too much or too little for an honest girl;' an' wid that she put her arms round me neck an' kissed me.

"'There's no more to be said afther that,' sez I, kissin' her back again. Oh, the mane scutt that I was, my head ringin' wid Dinah Shadd! How does ut come about, sorr, that whin a man has put the comether on wan woman he's sure bound to put ut on another? 'Tis the same thing at musketry. Wan day iv'ry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next—lay high, lay low, sight or snap—ye can't get off the bull's-eye for ten shots runnin'."

"That only happens to a man who has had a good deal of experience; he does it without thinking," I replied.

"Thankin' you for the complimint, sorr, ut may be so; but I'm doubtin' whether you mint ut for a complimint. Hear, now. I sat there wid Judy on my knee, tellin' me all man-

ner av nonsinse, an' only sayin' 'yes' an' 'no,' when I'd much better ha' kept tongue betune teeth. An' that was not an hour afther I had left Dinah. What I was thinkin' av I cannot say.

"Prisently, quiet as a cat, owld Mother Sheehy came in velvet-dhrunk. She had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas bald in patches, an' I cud see in her wicked owld face, clear as lightnin', what Judy wud be twenty year to come. I was for jumpin' up, but Judy niver moved.

"'Terence has promust, mother,' sez she, an' the cowld sweat bruk out all over me.

"Owld Mother Sheehy sat down of a heap, an' began playin' wid the cups. 'Thin you're a well-matched pair,' she sez, very thick; 'for he's the biggest rogue that iver spoiled the queen's shoe-leather, an——'

"'I'm off, Judy,' sez I. 'Ye should not talk nonsinse to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

"'Nonsinse?' sez the owld woman, prickin' up her ears like a cat, an' grippin' the table-edge. ''Twill be the most nonsinsical nonsinse for you, ye grinnin' badger, if nonsinse 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm goin' to bed.'

"I ran out into the dhark, me head in a stew an' me heart sick, but I had sinse enough to see that I'd brought ut all on mesilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day to a panjandhrum of hell-cats,' sez I. 'What I've said an' what I've not said do not matther. Judy an' her dam will howld me for a promust man, an' Dinah will give me the go, an' I desarve ut. I will go an' get dhrunk,' sez I, 'an' forgit about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a marryin' man.'

"On me way to canteen I ran against Lascelles, colour-sarjint that was, av E Comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a tormint av a wife. 'You've the head of a drowned man on

your shoulders,' sez he, 'an' you're goin' where you'll get a worse wan. Come back,' sez he. 'Let me go,' sez I. 'I've thrown me luck over the wall wid me own hand.' 'Then that's not the way to get ut back again,' sez he. 'Have out wid your throuble, ye fool-bhoy.' An' I towld him how the matther was.

"He sucked in his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud be the betther for a man's name to hers as soon as she can. An' ye thought ye'd put the comether on her. That's the naturil vanity av the baste. Terence, you're a big born fool, but you're not bad enough to marry into that comp'ny. If you said anythin', an' for all your protestations I'm sure you did—or did not, which is worse—eat ut all. Lie like the father av all lies, but come out av ut free of Judy. Do I not know what ut is to marry a woman that was the very spit av Judy when she was young? I'm gettin' owld, an' I've larnt patience; but you, Terence, you'd raise hand on Judy an' kill her in a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you the go; you've desarved ut. Never mind if the whole reg'mint laughs at you all day. Get shut av Judy an' her mother. They can't dhrag you to church, but if they do, they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to your quarthers an' lie down,' sez he. Thin, over his shoulder, 'You must have done with thim.'

"Nixt day I wint to see Dinah; but there was no tucker in me as I walked. I knew the throuble wud come soon enough widout any handlin' av mine, an' I dreaded ut sore.

"I heard Judy callin' me, but I hild straight on to the Shadds' quarthers, an' Dinah wud ha' kissed me, but I hild her back.

"'Whin all's said, darlin',' sez I, 'you can give ut me if you will, tho' I misdoubt 'twill be so easy to come by thin.'

"I had scarce begun to put the explanation into shape before Judy an' her mother came to the door. I think there was a veranda, but I'm forgettin'.

"'Will ye not step in?' sez Dinah, pretty and polite, though the Shadds had no dealin's with the Sheehys. Owld Mother Shadd looked up quick, an' she was the fust to see the throuble, for Dinah was her daughter.

"'I'm pressed for time to-day,' sez Judy, as bowld as brass; 'an' I've only come for Terence—my promust man. 'Tis strange to find him here the day afther the day.'

"Dinah looked at me as though I had hit her, an' I answered straight.

"'There was some nonsinse last night at the Sheehys' quarthers, an' Judy's carryin' on the joke, darlin',' sez I.

"'At the Sheehys' quarthers?' sez Dinah, very slow; an' Judy cut in wid:

"'He was there from nine till tin, Dinah Shadd, an' the betther half av that time I was sittin' on his knee, Dinah Shadd. Ye may look an' ye may look an' ye may look me up an' down, but ye won't look away that Terence is my promust man. Terence darlin', 'tis time for us to be comin' home.'

"Dinah Shadd never said a word to Judy. 'Ye left me at half-past eight,' she sez to me, 'an' I never thought that ye'd leave me for Judy, promises or no promises. Go back wid her, you that have to be fetched by a girl! I'm done with you,' sez she; and she ran into her own room, her mother followin'. So I was alone with those two women, and at liberty to spake me sintiments.

"'Judy Sheehy,' sez I, 'if you made a fool av me betune the lights, you shall not do ut in the day. I never promised you words or lines.'

"'You lie,' sez owld Mother Sheehy; 'an' may ut choke you where you stand!' She was far gone in dhrink.

"'An' tho' ut choked me where I stud I'd not change,' sez I. 'Go home, Judy. I take shame for a decent girl like you dhraggin' your mother out bareheaded on this errand. Here, now, an have ut for an answer. I gave me word to Dinah Shadd yesterday, an' more blame to me I was with you last night talkin' nonsinse, but nothin' more. You've chosen to thry to howld me on ut. I will not be held thereby for anythin' in the world. Is that enough?'

"Judy wint pink all over. 'An' I wish you joy av the perjury,' sez she. 'You've lost a woman that would ha' wore her hand to the bone for your pleasure; an' 'deed, Terence, ye were not thrapped. . . .' Lascelles must ha' spoken plain to her. 'I am such as Dinah is—'deed I am! Ye've lost a fool av a girl that'll never look at you again, an' ye've lost what ye niver had—your common honesty. If you manage your men as you manage your love-makin', small wondher they call you the worst corp'ril in the comp'ny. Come away, mother,' sez she.

"But divil a fut would the owld woman budge! D'you hould by that?' sez she, peerin' up undher her thick gray eyebrows.

"'Aye, an' wud,' sez I, 'tho' Dinah gave me the go twinty times. I'll have no thruck with you or yours,' sez I. 'Take your child away, ye shameless woman.'

"'An' am I shameless?' sez she, bringin' her hands up above her head. 'Thin what are you, ye lyin', schamin', weak-kneed, dhirty-souled son of a sutler? Am I shameless? Who put the open shame on me an' my child that we shud go beggin' through the lines in daylight for the broken word of a man? Double portion of my shame be on you, Terence

Mulvaney, that think yourself so strong! By Mary and the saints, by blood and water, an' by iv'ry sorrow that came into the world since the beginnin', the black blight fall on you and yours, so that you may niver be free from pain for another when ut's not your own! May your heart bleed in your breast drop by drop, wid all your friends laughin' at the bleedin'! Strong you think yourself? May your strength be a curse to you to dhrive you into the divil's hands against your own will! Clear-eyed you are? May your eyes see clear iv'ry step av the dark path you take till the hot cindhers av hell put thim out! May the ragin' dry thirst in my own owld bones go to you that you shall never pass bottle full nor glass empty! God preserve the light av your onderstandin' to you, my jewel av a bhoy, that ye may niver forget what you mint to be an' do, when you're wallowin' in the muck! May ye see the betther and follow the worse as long as there's breath in your body! an' may ye die quick in a strange land watchin' your death before ut takes you an' onable to stir hand or foot!'

"I heard a scufflin' in the room behind and thin Dinah Shadd's hand dhropped into mine like a rose-leaf into a muddy road.

"'The half av that I'll take,' sez she, 'an' more, too, if I can. Go home, ye silly-talkin' woman—go home an' confess.'

"'Come away! Come away!' sez Judy, pullin' her mother by the shawl. ''Twas none av Terence's fault. For the love av Mary, stop the talkin'!'

"'An' you!' said owld Mother Sheehy, spinnin' round forninst Dinah. 'Will ye take the half av that man's load? Stand off from him, Dinah Shadd, before he takes you down too—you that look to be a quarthermaster-sarjint's wife in

five years. Ye look too high, child. Ye shall wash for the quarthermaster-sarjint, whin he pl'ases to give you the job out av charity; but a privit's wife ye shall be to the end, an' iv'ry sorrow of a privit's wife ye shall know, an' niver a joy but wan, that shall go from you like the tide from a rock. The pain of bearin' ye shall know, but niver the pleasure of givin' the breast; an' you shall put away a man-child into the common ground wid niver a priest to say a prayer over him, an' on that man-child ye shall think iv'ry day av your life. Think long, Dinah Shadd, for you'll niver have another, tho' you pray till your knees are bleedin'. The mothers av children shall mock you behind your back whin you're wringin' over the wash-tub. You shall know what ut is to take a dhrunken husband home an' see him go to the gyard-room. Will that pl'ase you, Dinah Shadd, that won't be seen talkin' to my daughter? You shall talk to worse than Judy before all's over. The sarjints' wives shall look down on you, contemptuous daughter av a sarjint, an' you shall cover ut all up wid a smilin' face whin your heart's burstin'. Stand off him, Dinah Shadd, for I've put the black curse of Shielygh upon him, an' his own mouth shall make ut good.'

"She pitched forward on her head an' began foamin' at the mouth. Dinah Shadd ran out wid water, an' Judy dhragged the owld woman into the veranda till she sat up.

"'I'm owld an' forlore,' she sez, tremblin' an' cryin', 'an' 'tis like I say a dale more than I mane.'

"'When you're able to walk—go,' says owld Mother Shadd. 'This house has no place for the likes av you, that have cursed my daughter.'

"'Eyah!' said the owld woman. 'Hard words break no bones, an' Dinah Shadd'll kape the love av her husband till my bones are green corn. Judy darlin', I misremember what

I came here for. Can you lend us the bottom av a tay-cup av tay, Mrs. Shadd?'

"But Judy dhragged her off, cryin' as tho' her heart wud break. An' Dinah Shadd an' I, in ten minutes we had forgot ut all."

"Then why do you remember it now?" said I.

"Is ut like I'd forgit? Iv'ry word that wicked owld woman spoke fell thrue in my life aftherward; an' I cud ha' stud ut all—stud ut all, except fwhen little Shadd was born. That was on the line av march three months afther the reg'mint was taken with cholera. We were betune Umballa an' Kalka thin, an' I was on picket. When I came off, the women showed me the child, an' ut turned on ut's side an' died as I looked. We buried him by the road, an' Father Victor was a day's march behind wid the heavy baggage, so the comp'ny captain read a prayer. An' since then I've been a childless man, an' all else that owld Mother Sheehy put upon me an' Dinah Shadd. What do you think, sorr?"

I thought a good deal, but it seemed better then to reach out for Mulvaney's hand. This demonstration nearly cost me the use of three fingers. Whatever he knows of his weaknesses, Mulvaney is entirely ignorant of his strength.

—*"Life's Handicap."*

Gunga Din

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,

An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti,* Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! *slippy hitherao!*
Water, get it! *Panee lao!*
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee* in it,
Or I'll *marrow* you this minute
If you don't fill up my 'elmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,

An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf a pint o' water—green.
It was crawlin', and it stunk;
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake, git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come, an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died—
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone,
Where it's always double drill and no canteen.
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

—*"Barrack-Room Ballads."*

A Code of Morals

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature made her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the pair.

At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her counsel wise;
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the old,
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the ditty hangs)
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that tittupped on the way,
When they beheld the heliograph tempestuously at play.
They thought of Border risings, and of stations sacked and burned,
So stopped to take the message down—and this is what they learned:

"Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot" twice. The General swore.
"Was ever General Officer addressed as 'dear' before?
'My love,' i' faith! 'My duck,' gadzooks! 'My darling popsy-wop!'
Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that mountain top?"

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute, the gilded Staff were still,
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that message from the hill;

For, clear as summer's lightning flare, the husband's warning ran:
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—a most immoral man."

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her counsel wise—
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large hath eyes.)
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his wife
Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining Staff were still;
And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven gill.
And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not):
"I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes about there! Trot!"

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know
By word or act official who read off that helio.;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to Mooltan
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral man."

—*"Departmental Ditties."*

E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross

Pleasures of a Tenant

A RESIDENT magistracy in Ireland is not an easy thing to come by nowadays; neither is it a very attractive job; yet on the evening when I first propounded the idea to the young lady who had recently consented to become Mrs. Sinclair Yeates, it seemed glittering with possibilities. There was, on that occasion, a sunset, and a string band playing "The Gondoliers," and there was also an ingenuous belief in the omnipotence of a godfather of Philippa's (Philippa was the young lady)—who had once been a member of the Government.

I was then climbing the steep ascent of the captains toward my majority. I have no fault to find with Philippa's godfather; he did all and more than even Philippa had expected; nevertheless, I had attained to the dignity of mud-major, and had spent a good deal on postage-stamps, and on railway fares to interview people of influence, before I found myself in the hotel at Skebawn, opening long envelopes addressed to "Major Yeates, R.M."

My most immediate concern, as any one who has spent nine weeks at Mrs. Raverty's hotel will readily believe, was to leave it at the earliest opportunity; but in those nine weeks I had learned, amongst other painful things, a little, a very little, of the methods of the artisan in the west of Ireland. Finding a house had been easy enough. I had had my choice of several, each with some hundreds of acres of shooting, thoroughly poached, and a considerable portion of the roof

intact. I had selected one; the one that had the largest extent of roof in proportion to the shooting, and had been assured by my landlord that in a fortnight or so it would be fit for occupation.

"There's a few little odd things to be done," he said easily; "a lick of paint here and there, and a slap of plaster——"

I am short-sighted; I am also of Irish extraction; both facts that make for toleration—but even I thought he was understating the case. So did the contractor.

At the end of three weeks the latter reported progress, which mainly consisted of the facts that the plumber had accused the carpenter of stealing sixteen feet of his inch-pipe to run a bell-wire through, and that the carpenter had replied that he wished the divil might run the plumber through a wran's quill. The plumber having reflected upon the carpenter's parentage, the work of renovation had merged in battle, and at the next petty sessions I was reluctantly compelled to allot to each combatant seven days, without the option of a fine.

These and kindred difficulties extended in an unbroken chain through the summer months, until a certain wet and windy day in October, when, with my baggage, I drove over to establish myself at Shreelane. It was a tall, ugly house of three stories high, its walls faced with weather-beaten slates, its windows staring, narrow, and vacant. Round the house ran an area, in which grew some laurustinus and holly bushes among ash-heaps, and nettles, and broken bottles. I stood on the steps, waiting for the door to be opened, while the rain sluiced upon me from a broken eaveshoot that had, amongst many other things, escaped the notice of my landlord. I thought of Philippa, and of her plan, broached in to-day's letter, of having the hall done up as a sitting-room.

The door opened, and revealed the hall. It struck me that I had perhaps overestimated its possibilities. Among them I had certainly not included a flagged floor, sweating with damp, and a reek of cabbage from the adjacent kitchen-stairs. A large elderly woman, with a red face, and a cap worn helmet-wise on her forehead, swept me a magnificent curtsey as I crossed the threshold.

"Your honour's welcome—" she began, and then every door in the house slammed in obedience to the gust that drove through it. With something that sounded like "Mend ye for a back door!" Mrs. Cadogan abandoned her opening speech and made for the kitchen-stairs. (Improbable as it may appear, my housekeeper was called Cadogan, a name made locally possible by being pronounced Caydogawn.)

Only those who have been through a similar experience can know what manner of afternoon I spent. I am a martyr to colds in the head, and I felt one coming on. I made a laager in front of the dining-room fire, with a tattered leather screen and the dinner-table, and gradually, with cigarettes and strong tea, baffled the smell of must and cats, and fervently trusted that the rain might avert a threatened visit from my landlord.

At about 4.30, when the room had warmed up, and my cold was yielding to treatment, Mrs. Cadogan entered and informed me that "Mr. Flurry" was in the yard, and would be thankful if I'd go out to him, for he couldn't come in. Many are the privileges of the female sex; had I been a woman I should unhesitatingly have said that I had a cold in my head. Being a man, I huddled on a mackintosh, and went out into the yard.

My landlord was there on horseback, and with him there was a man standing at the head of a stout gray animal. I

recognised with despair that I was about to be compelled to buy a horse.

"Good-afternoon, major," said Mr. Knox in his slow, sing-song brogue; "it's rather soon to be paying you a visit, but I thought you might be in a hurry to see the horse I was telling you of."

I could have laughed. As if I were ever in a hurry to see a horse! I thanked him, and suggested that it was rather wet for horse-dealing.

"Oh, it's nothing when you're used to it," replied Mr. Knox. His gloveless hands were red and wet, the rain ran down his nose, and his covert coat was soaked to a sodden brown. I thought that I did not want to become used to it. My relations with horses have been of a purely military character. I have endured the Sandhurst riding-school, I have galloped for an impetuous general, I have been steward at regimental races, but none of these feats have altered my opinion that the horse, as a means of locomotion, is obsolete. Nevertheless, the man who accepts a resident magistracy in the southwest of Ireland voluntarily retires into the prehistoric age; to institute a stable became inevitable.

"You ought to throw a leg over him," said Mr. Knox, "and you're welcome to take him over a fence or two if you like. He's a nice flippant jumper."

Even to my unexacting eye the gray horse did not seem to promise flippancy, nor did I at all desire to find that quality in him. I explained that I wanted something to drive, and not to ride.

"Well, that's a fine raking horse in harness," said Mr. Knox, looking at me with his serious gray eyes, "and you'd drive him with a sop of hay in his mouth. Bring him up here, Michael."

Michael abandoned his efforts to kick the gray horse's fore-legs into a becoming position, and led him up to me.

I regarded him from under my umbrella with a quite unreasonable disfavour. He had the dreadful beauty of a horse in a toy-shop, as chubby, as wooden, and as conscientiously dappled, but it was unreasonable to urge this as an objection, and I was incapable of finding any more technical drawback. Yielding to circumstance, I "threw my leg" over the brute, and after pacing gravely round the quadrangle that formed the yard, and jolting to my entrance-gate and back, I decided that as he had neither fallen down nor kicked me off, it was worth paying twenty-five pounds for him, if only to get in out of the rain.

Mr. Knox accompanied me into the house and had a drink. He was a fair, spare young man, who looked like a stable-boy among gentlemen, and a gentleman among stable-boys. He belonged to a clan that cropped up in every grade of society in the county, from Sir Valentine Knox of Castle Knox down to the auctioneer Knox, who bore the attractive title of Larry the Liar. So far as I could judge, Florence McCarthy of that ilk occupied a shifting position about midway in the tribe. I had met him at dinner at Sir Valentine's, I had heard of him at an illicit auction, held by Larry the Liar, of brandy stolen from a wreck. They were "Black Protestants," all of them, in virtue of their descent from a godly soldier of Cromwell, and all were prepared at any moment of the day or night to sell a horse.

"You'll be apt to find this place a bit lonesome after the hotel," remarked Mr. Flurry sympathetically, as he placed his foot in its steaming boot on the hob, "but it's a fine sound house anyway, and lots of rooms in it, though, indeed, to tell you the truth, I never was through the whole of them

since the time my great-uncle, Denis McCarthy, died here. The dear knows I had enough of it that time." He paused, and lit a cigarette—one of my best, and quite thrown away upon him. "Those top floors, now," he resumed, "I wouldn't make too free with them. There's some of them would jump under you like a spring bed. Many's the night I was in and out of those attics, following my poor uncle when he had a bad turn on him—the horrors, y' know—there were nights he never stopped walking through the house. Good Lord! will I ever forget the morning he said he saw the devil coming up the avenue! 'Look at the two horns on him,' says he, and he out with his gun and shot him, and, begad, it was his own donkey!"

Mr. Knox gave a couple of short laughs. He seldom laughed, having in unusual perfection the gravity of manner that is bred by horse-dealing, probably from the habitual repression of all emotions save disparagement.

The autumn evening, gray with rain, was darkening in the tall windows, and the wind was beginning to make bullying rushes among the shrubs in the area; a shower of soot rattled down the chimney and fell on the hearth-rug.

"More rain coming," said Mr. Knox, rising composedly; "you'll have to put a goose down these chimneys some day soon, it's the only way in the world to clean them. Well, I'm for the road. You'll come out on the gray next week, I hope; the hounds'll be meeting here. Give a roar at him coming in at his jumps." He threw his cigarette into the fire and extended a hand to me. "Good-bye, major, you'll see plenty of me and my hounds before you're done. There's a power of foxes in the plantations here."

This was scarcely reassuring for a man who hoped to shoot woodcock, and I hinted as much.

"Oh, is it the cock?" said Mr. Flurry; "b'leeve me, there never was a woodcock yet that minded hounds, now, no more than they'd mind rabbits! The best shoots ever I had here, the hounds were in it the day before."

When Mr. Knox had gone, I began to picture myself going across country roaring, like a man on a fire-engine, while Philippa put the goose down the chimney; but when I sat down to write to her I did not feel equal to being humourous about it. I dilated ponderously on my cold, my hard work, and my loneliness, and eventually went to bed at ten o'clock full of cold shivers and hot whisky-and-water.

—*"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."*

The Lough Lonen Regatta

I HAD not seen a boat-race since I was at Oxford, and the words still called up before my eyes a vision of smart parasols, of gorgeous barges, of snowy-clad youths, and of low slim outriggers, winged with the level flight of oars, slitting the water to the sway of the line of flat backs. Certainly undreamed-of possibilities in aquatics were revealed to me as I reined in the Quaker on the outskirts of the crowd, and saw below me the festival of the "Sons of Liberty" in full swing. Boats of all shapes and sizes, outrageously overladen, moved about the lake, with oars flourishing to the strains of concertinas. Black swarms of people seethed along the water's edge, congesting here and there round the dingy tents and stalls of green apples; and the club's celebrated brass band, enthroned in a waggonette, and stimulated by the presence of a barrel of porter on the box-seat, was belching forth "The

Boys of Wexford," under the guidance of a disreputable ex-militia drummer, in a series of crashing discords.

Almost as I arrived a pistol-shot set the echoes clattering round the lake, and three boats burst out abreast from the throng into the open water. Two of the crews were in shirt-sleeves, the third wore the green jerseys of the football club; the boats were of the heavy sea-going build, and pulled six oars apiece, oars of which the looms were scarcely narrower than the blades, and were, of the two, but a shade heavier. None the less, the rowers started dauntlessly at thirty-five strokes a minute, quickening up, incredible as it may seem, as they rounded the mark-boat in the first lap of the two-mile course. The rowing was, in general style, more akin to the action of beating up eggs with a fork than to any other form of athletic exercise; but in its unorthodox way it kicked the heavy boats along at a surprising pace. The oars squeaked and grunted against the thole-pins, the cox-wains kept up an unceasing flow of oratory, and superfluous little boys in punts contrived to intervene at all the more critical turning-points of the race, only evading the flail of the oncoming oars by performing prodigies of "waggling" with a single oar at the stern. I took out my watch and counted the strokes when they were passing the mark-boat for the second time; they were pulling a fraction over forty; one of the shirt-sleeved crews was obviously in trouble, the other, with humped backs and jerking oars, was holding its own against the green jerseys amid the blended yells of friends and foes. When for the last time they rounded the green flag, there were but two boats in the race, and the foul that had been imminent throughout was at length achieved with a rattle of oars and a storm of curses. They were clear again in a moment, the shirt-sleeved crew getting away

with a distinct lead, and it was at about this juncture that I became aware that the coxwains had abandoned their long-handled tillers, and were standing over their respective "strokes," shoving frantically at their oars, and maintaining the while a ceaseless bawl of encouragement and defiance. It looked like a foregone conclusion for the leaders, and the war of cheers rose to frenzy. The word "cheering," indeed, is but an euphemism, and in no way expresses the serrated yell, composed of epithets, advice, and imprecations, that was flung like a live thing at the oncoming boats. The green jerseys answered to this stimulant with a wild spurt that drove the bow of their boat within a measurable distance of their opponents' stroke-oar. In another second a thoroughly successful foul would have been effected, but the cox of the leading boat proved himself equal to the emergency by unshipping his tiller, and with it dealing "bow" of the green jerseys such a blow over the head as effectually dismissed him from the sphere of practical politics.

A great roar of laughter greeted this feat of arms, and a voice at my dog-cart's wheel pierced the clamour:

"More power to ye, Larry, me owld darlin'!"

I looked down and saw Bat Callaghan, with shining eyes, and a face white with excitement, poising himself on one foot on the box of my wheel in order to get a better view of the race. Almost before I had time to recognise him, a man in a green jersey caught him round the legs and jerked him down. Callaghan fell into the throng, recovered himself in an instant, and rushed, white and dangerous, at his assailant. The Son of Liberty was no less ready for the fray, and what is known in Ireland as "the father and mother of a row" was imminent. Already, however, one of those unequalled judges of the moral temperature of a crowd, a ser-

jeant of the R.I.C., had quietly interposed his bulky person between the combatants, and the coming trouble was averted.

Elsewhere battle was raging. The race was over, and the committee-boat was hemmed in by the rival crews, supplemented by craft of all kinds. The "objection" was being lodged, and in its turn objected to, and I can only liken the process to the screaming warfare of sea-gulls round a piece of carrion. The tumult was still at its height when out of its very heart two four-oared boats broke forth, and a pistol-shot proclaimed that another race had begun, the public interest in which was specially keen, owing to the fact that the rowers were stalwart country girls, who made up in energy what they lacked in skill. It was a short race, once round the mark-boat only, and, like a successful farce, it "went with a roar" from start to finish. Foul after foul, each followed by a healing interval of calm, during which the crews, who had all caught crabs, were recovering themselves and their oars, marked its progress; and when the two boats, locked in an inextricable embrace, at length passed the winning flag, and the crews, oblivious of judges and public, fell to untrammelled personal abuse and to doing up their hair, I decided that I had seen the best of the fun, and prepared to go home.

It was, as it happened, the last race of the day, and nothing remained in the way of excitement save the greased pole with the pig slung in a bag at the end of it. My final impression of the Lough Lonen Regatta was of Callaghan's lithe figure, sleek and dripping, against the yellow sky, as he poised on the swaying pole with the broken gold of the water beneath him.—*"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."*

E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross

The Wreck

THAT afternoon I was wrapped in the slumber, balmiest and most profound, that follows on a wet Sunday luncheon, when Murray, our inspector of police, drove up in uniform, and came into the house on the top of a gust that set every door banging and every picture dancing on the walls. He looked as if his eyes had been blown out of his head, and he wanted something to eat very badly.

"I've been down at the wreck since ten o'clock this morning," he said, "waiting for her to break up, and once she does there'll be trouble. She's an American ship, and she's full up with rum and bacon and butter and all sorts. Bosanquet is there with all his coast-guards, and there are five hundred country people on the strand at this moment, waiting for the fun to begin. I've got ten of my fellows there, and I wish I had as many more. You'd better come back with me, Yeates, we may want the riot act before all's done!"

The heavy rain had ceased, but it seemed as if it had fed the wind instead of calming it, and when Murray and I drove out to Shreelane, the whole dirty sky was moving, full-sailed, in from the south-west, and the telegraph wires were hanging in a loop from the post outside the gate. Nothing except a Skebawn car-horse would have faced the whooping charges of the wind that came at us across Corran Lake; stimulated mysteriously by whistles from the driver, Murray's yellow hireling pounded woodenly along against the blast, till the smell of the torn sea-weed was borne upon it, and we saw the Atlantic waves come towering into the bay of Tralagough.

The ship was, or had been, a three-masted bark; two of her masts were gone, and her bows stood high out of water on the reef that forms one of the shark-like jaws of the bay. The long strand was crowded with black groups of people, from the bank of heavy shingle that had been hurled over on to the road, down to the slope where the waves pitched themselves and climbed and fought and tore the gravel back with them, as though they had dug their fingers in. The people were nearly all men, dressed solemnly and hideously in their Sunday clothes; most of them had come straight from Mass without any dinner, true to that Irish instinct that places its fun before its food. That the wreck was regarded as a spree of the largest kind was sufficiently obvious. Our car pulled up at a public-house that stood askew between the road and the shingle; it was humming with those whom Irish publicans are pleased to call "bona feeds," and sundry of the same class were clustered round the door. Under the wall on the lee side was seated a bagpiper, droning out "The Irish Washerwoman," with nodding head and tapping heel, and a young man was cutting a few steps of a jig for the delectation of a group of girls.

So far Murray's constabulary had done nothing but exhibit their imposing chest measurement and spotless uniforms to the Atlantic, and Bosanquet's coast-guards had only salvaged some spars, the *débris* of a boat, and a dead sheep, but their time was coming. As we stumbled down over the shingle, battered by the wind and pelted by clots of foam, some one beside me shouted, "She's gone!" A hill of water had smothered the wreck, and when it fell from her again nothing was left but the bows, with the bowsprit hanging from them in a tangle of rigging. The clouds, bronzed by an unseen sunset, hung low over her; in that greedy pack

of waves, with the remorseless rocks above and below her, she seemed the most lonely and tormented of creatures.

About half an hour afterward the cargo began to come ashore on the top of the rising tide. Barrels were plunging and diving in the trough of the waves, like a school of porpoises; they were pitched up the beach in waist-deep rushes of foam; they rolled down again, and were swung up and shouldered by the next wave, playing a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground with the coast-guards. Some of the barrels were big and dangerous, some were small and nimble like young pigs, and the blue-jackets were up to their middles as their prey dodged and ducked, and the police lined out along the beach to keep back the people. Ten men of the Royal Irish Constabulary can do a great deal, but they cannot be in more than twenty or thirty places at the same instant; therefore they could hardly cope with a scattered and extremely active mob of four or five hundred, many of whom had taken advantage of their privileges as "bona-fide travellers," and all of whom were determined on getting at the rum.

As the dusk fell the thing got more and more out of hand; the people had found out that the big puncheons held the rum, and had succeeded in capturing one. In the twinkling of an eye it was broached, and fifty backs were shoving round it like a football scrimmage. I have heard many rows in my time: I have seen two Irish regiments—one of them militia—at each other's throats in Fermoy barracks; I have heard Philippa's water-spaniel and two fox-terriers hunting a strange cat round the dairy; but never have I known such untrammelled bedlam as that which yelled round the rum-casks on Tralagough strand. For it was soon not a question of one broached cask, or even of two. The barrels were coming in fast, so fast that it was impossible for

the representatives of law and order to keep on any sort of terms with them. The people, shouting with laughter, stove in the casks, and drank rum at thirty-four degrees above proof, out of their hands, out of their hats, out of their boots. Women came fluttering over the hillsides through the twilight, carrying jugs, milk-pails, anything that would hold the liquor; I saw one of them, roaring with laughter, tilt a filthy zinc bucket to an old man's lips.

With the darkness came anarchy. The rising tide brought more and yet more booty; great spars came lunging in on the lap of the waves, mixed up with cabin furniture, seamen's chests, and the black and slippery barrels, and the country people continued to flock in, and the drinking became more and more unbridled. Murray sent for more men and a doctor, and we slaved on hopelessly in the dark; collaring half-drunken men, shoving pig-headed casks up hills of shingle, hustling in among groups of roaring drinkers—we rescued perhaps one barrel in half a dozen. I began to know that there were men there who were not drunk and were not idle; I was also aware, as the strenuous hours of darkness passed, of an occasional rumble of cart-wheels on the road. It was evident that the casks which were broached were the least part of the looting, but even they were beyond our control. The most that Bosanquet, Murray, and I could do was to concentrate our forces on the casks that had been secured, and to organise charges upon the swilling crowds in order to upset the casks that they had broached. Already men and boys were lying about, limp as leeches, motionless as the dead.

"They'll kill themselves before morning, at this rate!" shouted Murray to me. "They're drinking it by the quart! Here's another barrel; come on!"

We rallied our small forces, and after a brief but furious struggle succeeded in capsizing it. It poured away in a flood over the stones, over the prostrate figures that sprawled on them, and a howl of reproach followed.

"If ye pour away any more o' that, major," said an unctuous voice in my ear, "ye'll intoxicate the stones and they'll be getting up and knocking us down!"

I had been aware of a fat shoulder next to mine in the throng as we heaved the puncheon over, and I now recognised the ponderous wit and Falstaffian figure of Mr. James Canty, a noted member of the Skebawn board of guardians, and the owner of a large farm near at hand.

"I never saw worse work on this strand," he went on. "I considher these debaucheries a disgrace to the counthry."

Mr. Canty was famous as an orator, and I presume that it was from long practice that he was able, without apparent exertion, to outshout the storm.

At this juncture the long-awaited reinforcements arrived, and along with them came Dr. Jerome Hickey, armed with a black bag. Having mentioned that the bag contained a pump—not one of the common or garden variety—and that no pump on board a foundering ship had more arduous labours to perform, I prefer to pass to other themes. The wreck, which had at first appeared to be as inexhaustible and as variously stocked as that in the "Swiss Family Robinson," was beginning to fail in its supply. The crowd were by this time for the most part incapable from drink, and the fresh contingent of police tackled their work with some prospect of success by the light of a tar-barrel, contributed by the owner of the public-house. At about the same time I began to be aware that I was aching with fatigue, that my clothes hung heavy and soaked upon me, that my face was stiff with

the salt spray and the bitter wind, and that it was two hours past dinner-time. The possibility of fried salt herrings and hot whisky-and-water at the public-house rose dazzlingly before my mind, when Mr. Canty again crossed my path.

"In my opinion ye have the whole cargo under conthrol now, major," he said, "and the police and the sailors should be able to account for it all now by the help of the light. Wasn't I the finished fool that I didn't think to send up to my house for a tar-barrel before now! Well—we're all foolish sometimes! But indeed it's time for us to give over, and that's what I'm after saying to the captain and Mr. Murray. You're exhausted now, the three of ye, and if I might make so bold, I'd suggest that ye'd come up to my little place and have what'd warm ye before ye'd go home. It's only a few perches up the road."

The tide had turned, the rain had begun again, and the tar-barrel illumined the fact that Dr. Hickey's dreadful duties alone were pressing. We held a council and finally followed Mr. Canty, picking our way through wreckage of all kinds, including the human variety. Near the public-house I stumbled over something that was soft and had a squeak in it; it was the piper, with his head and shoulders in an overturned rum-barrel, and the bagpipes still under his arm.

I knew the outward appearance of Mr. Canty's house very well. It was a typical southern farm-house, with dirty whitewashed walls, a slated roof, and small, hermetically sealed windows staring at the morass of manure which constituted the yard. We followed Mr. Canty up the filthy lane that led to it, picked our way round vague and squelching spurs of the manure heap, and were finally led through the kitchen into a stifling best parlour. Mrs. Canty, a vast and slatternly matron, had evidently made preparations for us; there was

a newly lighted fire pouring flame up the chimney from layers of bogwood, there were whisky and brandy on the table, and a plateful of biscuits sugared in white and pink. Upon our hostess was a black silk dress which indifferently concealed the fact that she was short of boot-laces, and that the boots themselves had made many excursions to the yard and none to the blacking-bottle. Her manners, however, were admirable, and while I live I shall not forget her potato-cakes. They came in hot, and hot from a pot-oven, they were speckled with caraway seeds, they swam in salt butter, and we ate them shamelessly and greasily, and washed them down with hot whisky-and-water; I knew to a nicety how ill I should be next day, and heeded not.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Canty later on, in his best board-of-guardians' manner, "I've seen many wrecks between this and the Mizen Head, but I never witnessed a scene of more disgraceful ex-cess than what was in it to-night."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Bosanquet with unseemly levity.

"I should say," went on Mr. Canty, "there was at one time to-night upward of one hundhred men dead dhrunk on the strand, or anyway so dhrunk that if they'd attempt to spake they'd foam at the mouth."

"The craytures!" interjected Mrs. Canty sympathetically.

"But if they're dhrunk to-day," continued our host, "it's nothing at all to what they'll be to-morrow and afther to-morrow, and it won't be on the strand they'll be dhrinkin' it."

"Why, where will it be?" said Bosanquet, with his disconcerting English way of asking a point-blank question.

Mr. Canty passed his hand over his red cheeks.

"There'll be plenty asking that before all's said and done, captain," he said, with a compassionate smile, "and there'll

be plenty that could give the answer if they'll like, but by damn I don't think ye'll be apt to get much out of the Yokahn boys!"

"The Lord save us, 'twould be better to keep out from the likes o' thim!" put in Mrs. Canty, sliding a fresh avalanche of potato-cakes on to the dish; "didn't they pull the clothes off the gauger and pour potheen down his throath till he ran screeching through the streets o' Skebawn!"

James Canty chuckled.

"I remember there was a wreck here one time, and the undherwriters put me in charge of the cargo. Brandy it was—cases of the best Frinch brandy. The people had a song about it; what's this the first verse was?

'One night to the rocks of Yokahn
Came the bark *Isabella* so dandy,
To pieces she went before dawn,
Herself and her cargo of brandy.
And all met a wathery grave
Excepting the vessel's car*pen*ther,
Poor fellow, so far from his home.'"

Mr. Canty chanted these touching lines in a tuneful if wheezy tenor. "Well, gentlemen, we're all friends here," he continued, "and it's no harm to mention that this man below at the public-house came askin' me would I let him have some of it for a consideration. 'Sullivan,' says I to him, 'if ye ran down gold in a cup in place of the brandy, I wouldn't give it to you. Of coorse,' says I, 'I'm not sayin' but that if a bottle was to get a crack of a stick, and it to be broken, and a man to drink a glass out of it, that would be no more than an accident.' 'That's no good to me,' says

he, 'but if I had twelve gallons of that brandy in Cork,' says he, 'by the Holy German!' says he, saying an awful curse, 'I'd sell twenty-five out of it! Well, indeed it was true for him; it was grand stuff. As the saying is, it would make a horse out of a cow!"

"It appears to be a handy sort of place for keeping a pub," said Bosanquet.

"Shut-to the door, Margaret," said Mr. Canty, with elaborate caution. "It'd be a queer place that wouldn't be handy for Sullivan!"

A further tale of great length was in progress when Dr. Hickey's Mephistophelian nose was poked into the best parlour.

"Hullo, Hickey! Pumped out? eh?" said Murray.

"If I am, there's plenty more like me," replied the doctor enigmatically, "and some of them three times over! James, did these gentlemen leave you a drop of anything that you'd offer me?"

"Maybe ye'd like a glass of rum, doctor?" said Mr. Canty with a wink at his other guests.

Dr. Hickey shuddered.

I had next morning precisely the kind of mouth that I had anticipated, and it being my duty to spend the better part of the day administering justice in Skebawn, I received from Mr. Flurry Knox and other of my brother magistrates precisely the class of condolences on my "Monday head" that I found least amusing. It was unavailing to point out the resemblance between hot potato-cakes and molten lead, or to dilate on their equal power of solidifying; the collective wisdom of the bench decided that I was suffering from contraband rum, and rejoiced over me accordingly.

—*"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."*

Lionel Strachey

How to Translate German

'Among all the Mendicants who by Want and Poverty, and not of their own Free-will-inclination, to beg compelled were, there were none who in vain to the Castle of Seifenschaumburg Entrance of the age-bent Gate-custodian requested. Never in the Annals of the, four Centuries ago having erected been Castle, a single Case of Assistance to a Beggar refusing had recorded been.

At last occurred it, that the, through Well-doings so lavishly distributed renowned, and by the, through the unselfish Benevolence of its Counts in all the Country praisingly spoken of Castle, by a, from its former Masters differing, through his Harshness detested Count, ruled was.

One day a blind, by a little Dog on a String led, his Foot-paces cautiously measuring, Beggar the Castle toward-advancing observed was. The, by no good Emotions ever upstirred, but to the evil Oppression, rather than to the Relief, of the Poor, striving Count, the, by his rough Words alarmed Beggar, on the Spot the Place to forsake commanded. But the goodly Providence has the Welfare of the, of Creatures the humblest, ever in the Eye, not the Rich over the Poor triumphing to permit.

Suddenly, a Bark, a Spring, a Rage-feeling-exclamation!

The Count had, during his at the Beggar directed badly inclined Meditations, in which his, by long Practice-exercise blackened Heart totally of Kindness-disposition void become had, by the, with a Pair of Coat-tails in his Mouth away-transporting, in the Distance rapidly off-disappearing little Dog, for all his Cruelty at last punished been.

Lionel Strachey

Odd Ideas

To be fashionable, either in this world or the next, you must belong to the minority—that is, the best people.

The only life to be endured for ever would be one of unfulfilled desires. Therefore pray for descent after death: in that place never a single wish will be gratified. Paradise itself offers no such inducement.

Who says marriage is a failure? It is nothing of the kind —provided you let it alone.

To be patriotic, hate all nations but your own; to be religious, all sects but your own; to be moral, all pretences but your own.

A law is a caprice of the majority.

Any woman in the world—even a nun—would rather lose her virtue than her reputation.

Statistics are mendacious truths.

"The English," said Napoleon, "are a nation of shopkeepers." Their cousins, the Americans, are a nation of commercial travellers.

Americans *guess* because they are in too great a hurry to think.

A "brilliant epigram" is a solemn platitude gone to a masquerade ball.

When humour is meant to be taken seriously, it's no joke.

Solitude

ALONE! Yes, utterly alone, without a friend, without a companion, in this great melancholy waste of mournful woe! Why do I find myself thus isolate from joy and pleasure and

mirth? What have I done that I should be a wretched, solitary outcast, condemned to everlasting neglect? Wherefore has my lot shaped itself so cruelly? Ah, 'tis a bitter, bitter thing indeed! Surrounded once with gaiety and gladness, I am now cut off from all congenial souls. The kindly eye, the ready smile—the light of neither shall I see again. In vain might I lift up my voice, and cry aloud; none would hear me, none would understand. For I am banished to a place where all is darkest gloom; I felt its fatal dreariness creep into the marrow of my being, until now I am sunk down, down, down, to that unfathomable depth of desolation whence there can be no return. Set about by the terrors of this awful solitude, I would plead to man's compassion, yea, to sweet Heaven itself, for merciful deliverance. But only too well am I aware that my cry must go unheeded. It is useless to hope: my spirit is crushed, my faith is lost. Whatever belief I might once have cherished that I should some day escape, and (far away from here) be greeted by smiling faces—that trust died within me long ago. Broken to dumb resignation, have I yielded up the very memory of cheerfulness and delight. Laughter is to me a forgotten sound. So my complaint shall cease; it is of no avail, for I have long known the worst: I guessed the horrid solitude that must be mine the instant I came to this afflicting place of saddest, blackest tribulation, grief, and sorrow—I, the Only Joke in this whole volume.

—*"The World's Wit and Humor."*

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